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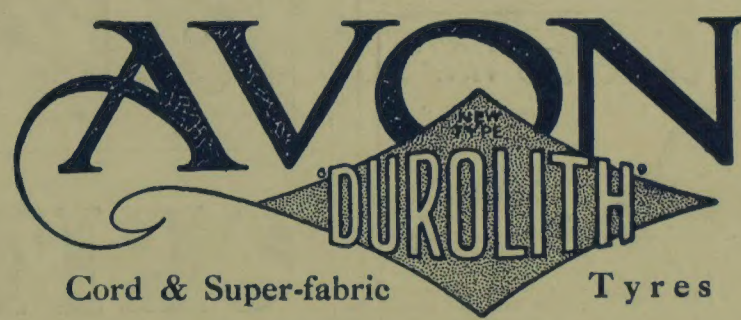


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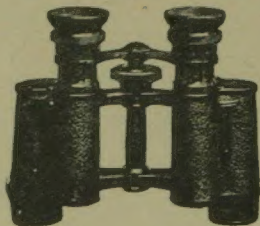
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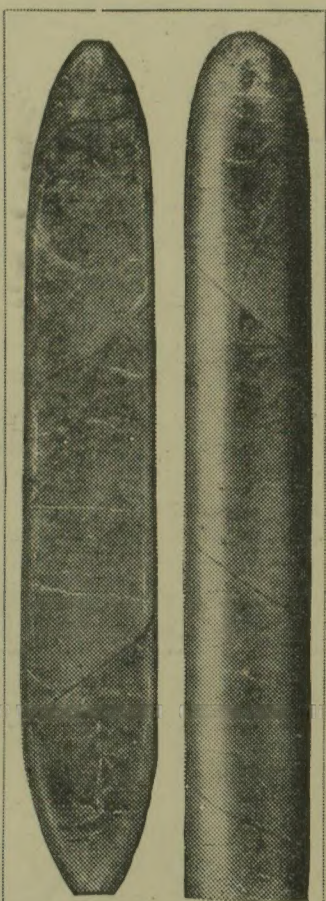
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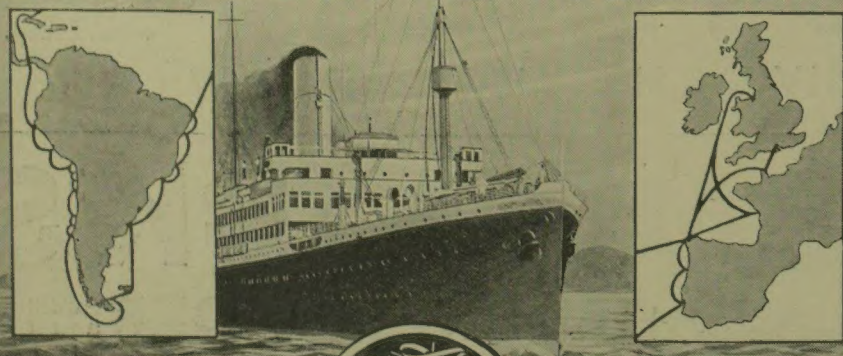
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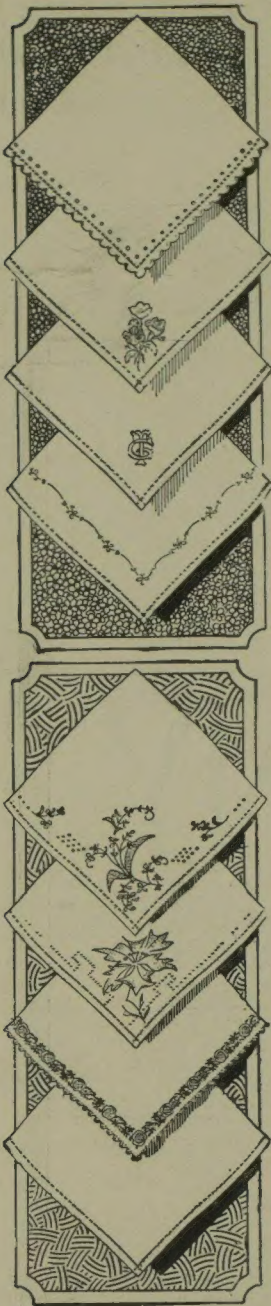
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The hampers contain a selection of the following:

Turkey, Raised Game Pie, Christmas Pudding, Brandy Sauce, Mince-meat, Mixed Fruits in Brandy, Terrine Pâté de Foie Gras, Dundee Cake, Shortbread, Mincellets and Almonds, Pulled Figs, Elvas Plums, Glacé Fruits, Crackers, Dessert Oranges, Apples, Pine-apple, Assorted biscuits, Cigarettes.

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But too often must friendly instincts be thwarted and hospitality cut short through household difficulties.

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The blades are real razor blades, hollow ground and hand forged. They will give a smooth, clean shave with that velvet-precision hitherto only associated with the skilled barber and a straight razor.

The roller guard is a special feature which adds to the comfort of shaving, feeding the lather on to the cutting edge and guiding the shaver to the slight angle movement of the barber. Each set is complete with automatic stopper to keep the blades in perfect order.

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The set, comprising seven Hollow Ground Blades, each etched with a day of the week, adjustable Shaver Holder, Patent Automatic Stropping Machine and Setting or Honing Handle, complete in Polished Walnut Case ... 42/-

The set as above, with three Hollow Ground Blades ... 25/-

Hand Forged
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The Lady's Pictorial

*With which is incorporated
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the good cheer will be
less good and less cheerful
than it should be.

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The value of Decoltene is well known amongst the ladies
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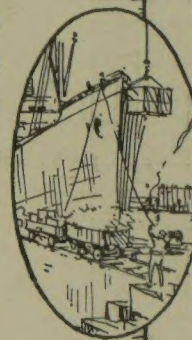
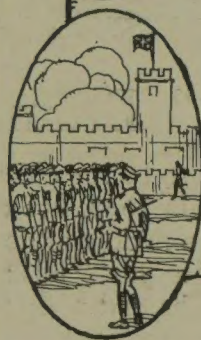
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Size 1.
Standard,
12/6



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this Xmas!**

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To members of one's family "Swans" are affectionate, practical gifts; to one's doctor, clergyman, teacher, host or hostess, they convey regard and recognition for kindnesses and attention; to one's associates in work they speak of a friendly interest.

"SWAN"
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Size 2 C,
Safety,
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Size 2.
Self-filling,
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Rolled Gold,
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The John Haig Clubland Series, No. 11.*“Beau” Brummel at White’s.*

CLAIMING, as it may, to be the oldest of the Clubs that still flourish, White’s was originally established in 1698, five doors from the bottom of St. James’s Street, where, at a table in the middle of its small garden, many a highwayman sipped his chocolate before proceeding to his “business.” In the early eighteenth century the gambling fever was at its height, and when the Club was burnt down in 1733 it is recorded that the gaming continued even while the Club was in flames. Wagers were made on every conceivable subject. One day, for instance, a man dropped at the Club’s door. Odds were immediately offered and taken as to whether he was dead or not, and when it was proposed to “bleed” him those who had wagered that the man was dead protested that it would affect the fairness of the bet.

“Beau” Brummel in the zenith of his popularity was often to be seen, as depicted above, in the bay window of White’s surrounded by the Lions of the day. Once it is said Brummel and a rival beau held a circle there for some hours whilst they debated the exact length of a cravat.

Gronow tells us that in 1814 White’s was decidedly the most difficult of entry of all Clubs, its membership comprising nearly all the most noble names in Great Britain.

But, however difficult it may have been for a mere commoner to obtain admission to such exclusive circles, we may be sure that John Haig Whisky was always certain of the warmest of welcomes, for during nearly three centuries the *original* Haig Whisky, that highly prized product of Scotland’s oldest distillers, has been acclaimed wherever men of discrimination most do congregate.



By Appointment.

Dye Ken
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 THE ORIGINAL
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The Clubman’s Whisky since 1627

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THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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86
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WHAT THE GREAT "FIND" IN EGYPT MAY BRING: A 3000-YEAR-OLD PHARAOH "COMING FORTH INTO THE DAY," WITH THE CONTEMPORARY GARLANDS WHICH ADORNED HIS MUMMY.

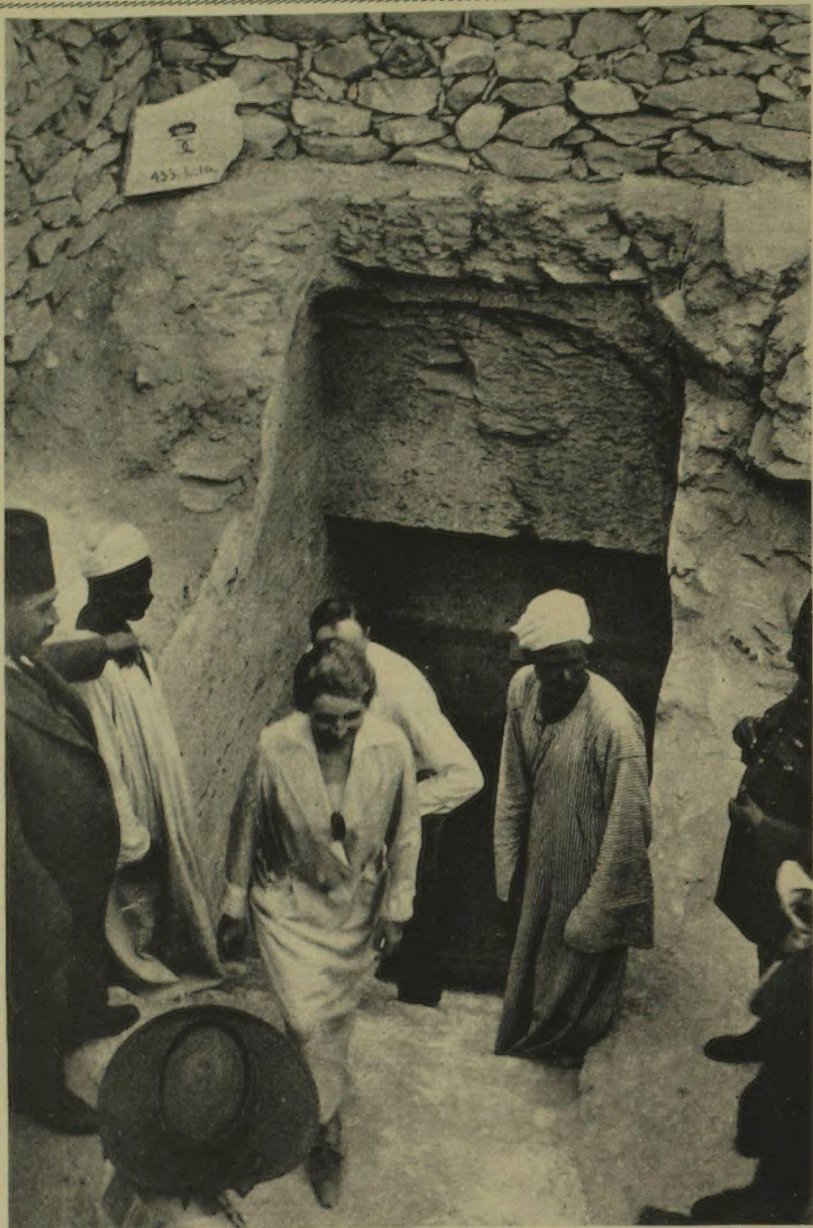
"The old Egyptians," writes Dr. H. R. Hall, of the British Museum, "prayed ever that they, who 'loved life and hated death,' might not remain for ever in the night of death, but might 'come forth into the day,' and live still as they had on earth. The name of the funerary chapters, the prayers and spells which we call the 'Book of the Dead,' buried with them to ensure their welfare in the next world, was 'The Book of Coming forth into the Day.' . . . The latest discovery of an ancient royal sepulchre, that of King Tutankhamen, by Lord Carnarvon and Mr. Howard Carter, is perhaps the greatest of all. The present writer remembers how twenty years ago he assisted at the coming forth into the

day of a long-dead Egyptian king. He came forth for the very modern purpose of being photographed, borne on the shoulders of four stalwart descendants of his subjects, while others lighted his progress with torches. Official authority, in the person of the Inspector-General of Antiquities, was there to supervise and take the photograph: his humble subordinate, the native *ghafir*, or watchman of the tombs, stood by with staff in hand and brassard on arm; the archaeologist from a distant museum looked on. The photographing completed, the dead king was borne back again to his sarcophagus, where he now sleeps still surrounded by the garlands with which his mummy was adorned more than three thousand years ago."

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, A. FORESTIER, FROM INFORMATION SUPPLIED BY DR. H. R. HALL, OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM. (COPYRIGHTED IN THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA.—C.R.)

87 AT THE TOMB OF TUTANKHAMEN: THE OPENING CELEBRATIONS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE "TIMES" AND TOPICAL. SEE OTHER PHOTOGRAPHS ON PAGES 998, 999.



LADY ALLENBY AND MR. CARTER EMERGING AFTER A VISIT TO THE TOMB: THE ENTRANCE—SHOWING THE CARNARVON CREST (ON THE LEFT ABOVE).



WITH THE CARNARVON CREST ON THE ANTIQUITY REGISTRATION MARK, AND THE WOODEN GRILLE INSIDE: THE ENTRANCE TO THE TOMB OF TUTANKHAMEN.



INCLUDING LADY ALLENBY, LORD CARNARVON, AND MR. HOWARD CARTER: LADY EVELYN HERBERT'S LUNCHEON PARTY IN THE VALLEY OF KINGS.



AFTERWARDS REPLACED BY AN IRON DOOR: THE WOODEN GRILLE AT THE ENTRANCE TO THE TOMB, GUARDED BY AN EGYPTIAN SOLDIER WITH LOADED RIFLE.

The official opening of the tomb, or funeral chambers, of King Tutankhamen, found by the Earl of Carnarvon and Mr. Howard Carter in the Valley of Kings, near Luxor, took place on November 29. Before the opening, Lord Carnarvon's daughter, Lady Evelyn Herbert, entertained a large party to luncheon in the valley, among the guests being Lady Allenby and the Governor of Kena Province, Abdel Aziz Bey Yehia, who had given invaluable assistance in guarding the treasures. Our photograph of the group shows in the back row (from left to right, beginning with the second figure): Lady Downes, Lord Carnarvon, Lady

Allenby (in dark hat, just visible) and Mr. Howard Carter. In his account of his first visit to the scene when summoned by Mr. Carter, who made the actual discovery on November 5, Lord Carnarvon writes, after describing the clearance of the outer doorway: "A whole day was then spent in fixing a kind of wooden grille with four padlocks as a protection against robbery. By this time the tomb was guarded by soldiers, police, Sudanese Camel Coastguardmen, and my own 'reises,' or headmen." Later, an iron door to replace the grille was made, and was expected to be ready on December 12. Other illustrations are in this issue.

FROM KING TUTANKHAMEN TO KING FUAD: EGYPT OLD AND NEW.

THE UPPER PHOTOGRAPH BY COURTESY OF THE DIRECTOR OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM; THE OTHERS BY THE GENERAL PHOTOGRAPHIC AGENCY.



ASSOCIATED WITH AN EGYPTIAN KING OF 3352 YEARS AGO, AND THE GREATEST ARCHÆOLOGICAL "FIND" OF THE 19TH CENTURY: A RED GRANITE LION IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM, WITH AN INSCRIPTION NAMING TUTANKHAMEN (B.C. 1430), WHOSE FUNERAL RELICS HAVE JUST BEEN DISCOVERED.



EGYPT'S PRESENT POPULAR SOVEREIGN: KING FUAD (IN FROCK-COAT, CENTRE BACKGROUND) ACKNOWLEDGING SALUTES AT THE MOSQUE OF AL AZHAR IN CAIRO.



HIGHLY POPULAR SINCE HE COUNTENANCED THE SUPPORTERS OF THE ZAGHLUL DELEGATION: KING FUAD (ON THE FAR SIDE IN THE CARRIAGE).

These photographs provide an interesting comparison between the Egypt of 3350 years ago and the Egypt of to-day. The red granite lion, now in the British Museum, is inscribed on the base with a text stating that Tutankhamen, King of Egypt in 1430 B.C., restored the building of his father, Amenhotep III. On the neck are cut the names and titles of Amen-Asru, a King of Nubia, who reigned about 1000 years later. The lion was found at Gebel Barkal (Napata), and was presented to the British Museum by Lord Prudhoe in 1835. As other illustrations in this number recall, it is the funeral relics of Tutankhamen which constitute the great "find" just made by Lord Carnarvon and Mr. Howard Carter in the

Valley of Kings, near Luxor. Dr. Alan Gardiner, who is to decipher the papyri found among Tutankhamen's relics, has pointed out that to him were really due the wonderful sculptures of the Festival of Opet in the Temple of Luxor, although his name was cut out and replaced everywhere by that of another King, Haremhab. Egypt's present monarch, King Fuad, is very popular owing to his having countenanced the supporters of the Wafd (the Zaghlul Delegation). He had a great ovation in Cairo when he recently attended prayers at Al Azhar for the first time since the 1919 disturbances. Crowds lined the route and strewed flowers. King Fuad was among the first to send congratulations on the great "find."



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

SOMEbody recently asked me what I meant by a reference to the myth of Arthur; or, rather, a reference to the myth of the myth of Arthur. For in my opinion it is only a modern myth that he is only an ancient one. The chief difference between ancient and modern times seems to be that formerly legends grew very slowly, and now they grow very fast. See how fast the fable that all English things were German, and all German things were superior, spread in the nineteenth century, when it had been spun out of nothing by a few professors. See how rapidly the images of those two imaginary beings, the Missing Link and the Primitive Man, have become idols of the market-place. The old legends generally grew more slowly and always had more historical basis; and it seems to me overwhelmingly probable that the story of King Arthur had a very solid historical basis. This must in a sense be mere guesswork, for I am not competent to judge of the details; but I think I am as competent as anyone else to judge of the theories, in the sense of seeing whether they hang together and are inherently probable and consistent. Now the theory that treats Arthur entirely as a fairy-tale seems to me more fantastic than any fairy-tale. It sometimes takes the form of saying that there was some prehistoric Celtic god or other, who afterwards came to be described in more detail as a king in Camelot. I have never been very clear, by the way, about how this vague transition from divinity to humanity is supposed to present itself to human nature. A particular story of an incarnate god or a fallen angel one can imagine easily enough. But I am a little confused about how the mere act of the Pimlico populace continually calling upon heaven, in their human difficulties, would of itself become a story that a Mr. Heaven had lived in a particular street in Pimlico. It seems rather more likely that a simple people would exaggerate a hero into a god, rather than deliberately diminish a god into a hero. But this is something of a side issue, and I do not insist on it. Anyhow, they say there must have been a Celtic god, and doubtless there was; doubtless there were many Celtic gods—too many Celtic gods for a fastidious monotheistic taste. I might respectfully inquire what had become of all the others; and why they have not all turned into Christian kings with orders of chivalry? And then the critics complete the confusion by saying, as a sort of after-thought, that Arthur may also have been the name of a king, but implying that this can have nothing to do with the idea of King Arthur.

Now all this seems to me mythical in the worst sense; that it is concentrated on myths and wholly careless of history. If we are studying a historical problem, it would be well to begin with the historical part of it; and if we want to know more, it is best to grasp what we know already. Now we do know as a historical fact that the beginning of the Dark Ages was a time when the north-west corner of the Roman Empire was ruined by barbarian invasions. We do know that those who successfully defended civilisation everywhere became great legendary yet historic heroes; and that in this respect the story of Arthur is just like the story of Alfred. There was certainly a legendary Alfred as well as a historical Alfred; and every common-sense comparison would lead one

to think there was a historical Arthur as well as a legendary Arthur. But the question is one of proportion; and the saving of Christendom by the heroes of the Dark Ages does seem to me a sufficient cause for so huge a legend: the last trickle of tradition from some lost Welsh polytheism does not seem to me a sufficient cause. There are a dozen parallel cases of Christian heroes; there are not a dozen parallel cases of Welsh gods.

Then we come to the old suggestion that Arthur was not Arthur, but another person of the same name. Here again people seem to forget that a legend requires a story as well as a name. A legend is *about* something; it is not started by a word, but by some true or false event. A professor centuries hence might be puzzled by the mere word "Wilson" in a record of our time; and be doubtful whether it meant

Now there is no doubt at all that battles similar to the Battle of Mount Badon did in all sorts of countries stem or turn the tide of barbarism. There is no doubt whatever that, when they did, they left an enormous impression on the imaginations of men, like a story of the Deluge or the Day of Judgment. If the result was a myth, it was like some myth about a man who had saved the sun and stars.

But there is another historical truth that is here forgotten. Many doubts about the Court of Camelot are founded on the notion that anything so far back in time must itself have been barbaric. The truth is that, if it was far enough back, it would almost certainly have been civilised. It would have been in the last phase of the old Roman civilisation. The fallacy is like that of a man who should say at day-break that if it was darker four hours before, it must

have been darker still fourteen hours before. He would forget that fourteen hours might bring him back into the previous day. And the fascination of this study of the Dark Ages is precisely that the darkness does hide a buried day; the last lost daylight of the great culture of antiquity.

Much of the dulness of modern history came from the idea of progress. For history must be progress reversed. If things have always automatically grown brighter and better, then to trace things backwards is to go further and further not only into darkness but into dulness. It is to go from gold to lead and from lead to mud; from beautiful novelties to dreary negations. But, as a fact, these beautiful novelties have never appeared except when this negative theory of the past was itself negated. They have come when people were quarrying in an older civilisation, because it was more civilised than their own civilisation. That is obviously what happened at the Renaissance; but it happened in many cases where it is less obvious. I

believe that the peculiar magic and mastery still belonging to the Arthurian story is largely due to the long period during which men looked back to Roman Britain as something more rich and subtle and artistic than the barbarous centuries that succeeded it. They were not wrong in believing that Arthur and Lancelot were more courtly and cultured than Hengist and Horsa. If Arthur and Lancelot existed at all, they almost certainly were. The same has been true, of course, ever since people began to study the mediæval civilisation with any intelligence. Some sentimentalists in the eighteenth century may have begun by thinking ruined abbeys (especially by moonlight) merely interesting as rugged and barbaric, "with shapeless sculpture decked." But since we have begun to search out the scheme and science of mediæval architecture, we have realised that it is the very reverse of barbaric, that it is especially organised and orderly. We have recognised that Gothic architecture was certainly not made by Goths; and that the shapeless sculpture was anything but shapeless, and had a very deliberate shape. But we do not remember that, as we have groped for an understanding of the mediæval system, so the men of the Dark Ages may well have groped for an understanding of the old Roman system. And it is natural that the last monuments of it should have appeared enormous in the twilight; and one of these monuments was the memory of Arthur.



FOUR PREMIERS MEET TO CONSIDER GERMAN REPARATIONS AND INTER-ALLIED DEBTS: M. POINCARÉ (FRANCE), MR. BONAR LAW (BRITAIN), SIGNOR MUSSOLINI (ITALY), AND M. THEUNIS (BELGIUM).

Photograph by Hall and Russell, Strand.

Sir Henry Wilson the General or Mr. Woodrow Wilson the President. But only the professor would be puzzled about the name; the populace would have been thinking about the thing. If the Americans degenerated into a sort of American Indians, but still kept in their wigwags some tradition about a Wilson, it would not be about a Wilson who was shot by wild Irishmen in Eaton Place. It would be about a sort of Hiawatha who inscribed Fourteen Points in picture-writing on the bark of a birch-tree. If Belfast ever becomes a romantic ruin, where the last Orangemen lament the losses of Ulster, Wilson will be the name of a man martyred by Fenians, and not by American Republicans voting for Mr. Harding and Normalcy. The stories of the two men would be some sort of traditions or travesties of what they did. And the very earliest historical references to Arthur are references to what he did. What he did was to defend Britain, as a Christian and civilised State, against the heathen invasions. The very first references to him deal with stories like that of the Battle of Mount Badon, in which Arthur drove the heathen before him and carried a holy image, some say on his shield and some on his shoulders. If I remember right, William of Malmesbury, soon after the Norman Conquest, refers to Arthur not as a wild Welsh demigod or even a doubtful Welsh saint, but as a solid historical character whose name needs to be cleared from the later accretions of Welsh fancy.

"RUGGER" UNDER THE ROYAL EYE: A VICTORY FOR THE LIGHT BLUES.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY C.N.



A FATEFUL MOMENT DURING THE OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE RUGBY FOOTBALL MATCH: R. H. BETTINGTON, AN OXFORD OLD BLUE, FAILS TO CONVERT A TRY.



FAST PLAY IN THE 'VARSITY "RUGGER" MATCH AT TWICKENHAM, WON BY CAMBRIDGE: A RACE FOR THE BALL AFTER THE BREAK-UP OF A SCRUM.

Cambridge won the 'Varsity Rugby football match at Twickenham on December 12, by 21 points to 8. The King and the Duke of York were among the spectators, having motored from Buckingham Palace, and arrived just before the start of play. The referee on this occasion was Mr. T. H. Vile, of Newport, the famous Welsh International.

He is seen kneeling in the right foreground of the upper photograph on this page, watching Mr. Bettington's kick; and in the lower photograph he is shown in the centre background, where he can be distinguished from the players by the fact that he is wearing his coat.

IRELAND'S NEW PHASE: THE SENATE; A MURDER; REPRISAL EXECUTIONS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY L.N.A. LAFAYETTE, AND TOPICAL.



A WOMAN SENATOR: THE DOW-
AGER COUNTESS OF DESART.



ONE OF FOUR
WOMEN SEN-
ATORS: MRS.
STOPFORD
GREEN.



A WOMAN SENATOR:
MRS. EILEEN
COSTELLOE,
OF TUAM.



A SENATOR, WHOSE HOUSE WAS FIRED
BY A BOMB: MRS. WYSE POWER.



A FAMOUS POET ONE OF THE NEW
SENATORS: MR. W. B. YEATS.



EXECUTED AS A REPRISAL FOR THE MURDER
OF DEPUTY SEAN HALES: RORY O'CONNOR.



A FREE STATE DEPUTY MURDERED IN DUB-
LIN: THE LATE MR. SEAN HALES, T.D.



ONE OF THE FOUR REBELS EXECUTED AS A
REPRISAL: LIAM MELLOWES.



THE FUNERAL OF DEPUTY SEAN HALES: THE COFFIN ON A GUN-
CARRIAGE LEAVING THE PRO-CATHEDRAL, DUBLIN.



A "FUNERAL PROCESSION" FOR O'CONNOR: MEMBERS OF THE IRISH
WOMEN'S COMMITTEE CARRYING "BIER" AND WREATHS.

On December 7 Mr. Sean Hales, a member of the new Free State Parliament, and Mr. Padraig O'Maille, Deputy-Speaker, were attacked by a band of armed men outside the Ormond Hotel, on Ormond Quay, and Mr. Hales was shot dead. He was the Member for West Cork, the late Michael Collins's constituency. During the fighting against the British he had been a prominent leader of the I.R.A. in Co. Cork, but afterwards supported the Treaty. On December 8 an official statement from Army Headquarters in Dublin said: "The execution took place this morning at Mountjoy Gaol of the following persons taken in arms against the Irish Government: Rory O'Connor, Liam Mellows, Joseph McKelvey, and Richard Barrett, as a reprisal for the assassination on his way to Dail Eireann on

December 7, of Brigadier Sean Hales, T.D., and as a solemn warning." This reprisals policy has since been criticised. The first meeting of the Free State Senate (Seanad Eireann) was held in Leinster House, Dublin, on December 11. The Senate consists of thirty members nominated by President Cosgrave, including the Dowager Countess of Desart and Mrs. Wyse Power (whose house in Dublin was set on fire by a bomb on December 10), and thirty elected by the Dail. Among the latter are two other women—Mrs. Alice Stopford Green, widow of the historian, John Richard Green, and herself noted for Irish historical research; and Mrs. Eileen Costelloe, of Tuam, well known as a collector of folk-songs. It was arranged that both Houses of the new Free State Parliament should meet on the 13th.

A CASE THAT CREATED MORBID INTEREST: AT THE OLD BAILEY.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, STEVEN SPURRIER, R.O.I.



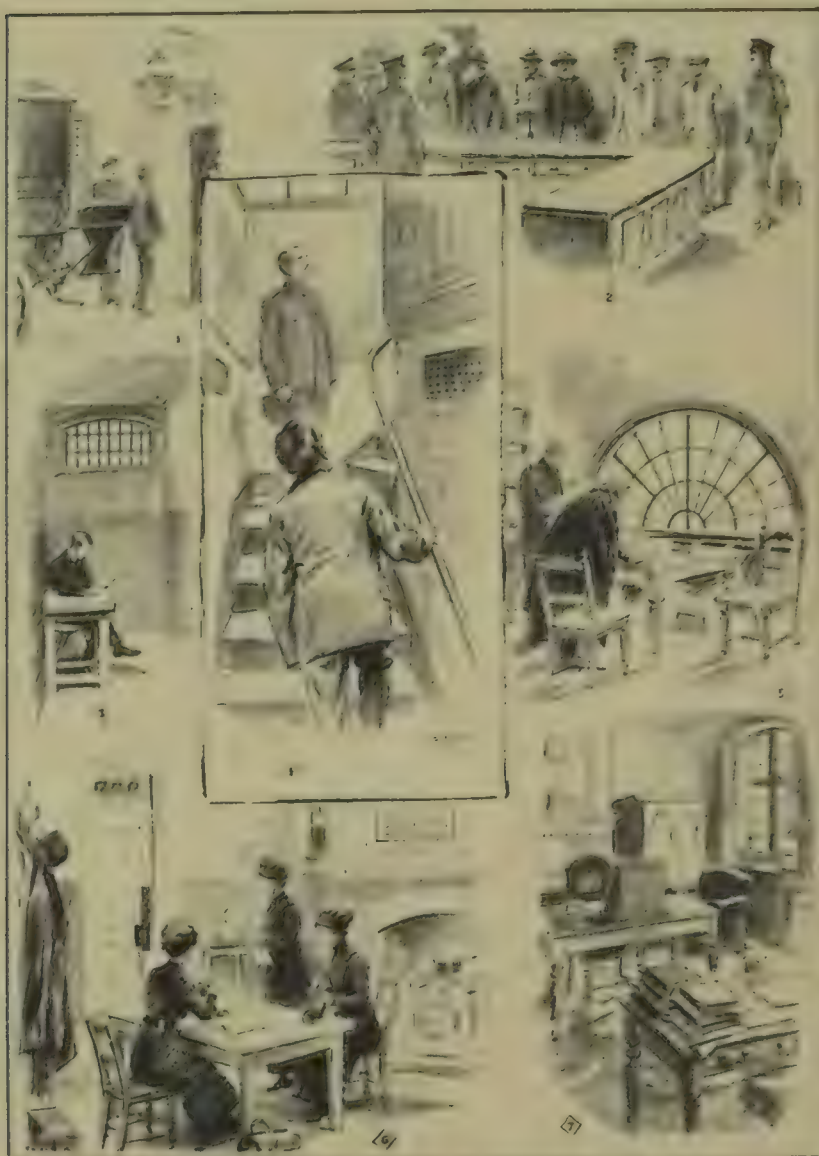
SENTENCE PRONOUNCED: THE END OF THE TRIAL OF MRS. EDITH JESSIE THOMPSON AND FREDERICK BYWATERS.

The trial of Frederick Bywaters and Mrs. Edith Thompson for the murder of her husband, Percy Thompson, ended on December 11, at the Central Criminal Court, with a dramatic scene. Mr. Justice Shearman having summed up, the jury, after an absence of over two hours, found both prisoners guilty, and they were sentenced to death. In our illustration, Bywaters is seen standing just this side

of Mrs. Thompson in the dock, facing the Court. Opposite, in the right background, is the Judge, wearing the black cap, with the Chaplain standing by his chair. It may be interesting to note that, as one of the new law officers of the Crown, Mr. Inskip, who prosecuted in the case, was knighted on December 12.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.—C.R.]

WHERE LONDON MURDER TRIALS ARE HELD: OLD BAILEY PROCEDURE.

DRAWINGS BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, S. BEGG.



BEHIND THE SCENES OF A CRIMINAL TRIAL AT THE OLD BAILEY: QUARTERS AND ARRANGEMENTS FOR JUDGES, COUNSEL, PRISONERS, AND WARDRESSES.

SEEN, BUT UNHEARD, BY THE WARDER IN CHARGE: A WOMAN PRISONER AND HER COUNSEL AT A PRIVATE INTERVIEW IN THE OLD BAILEY.



WITH BOUQUETS ON THE BENCH AND THE FLOOR STREWN WITH HERBS—AN ANCIENT FORM OF FEBRIFUGE AGAINST "PRISON FEVER": THE LORD MAYOR ATTENDING A TRIAL IN STATE ON THE OPENING DAY OF SESSIONS AT THE OLD BAILEY.

The Central Criminal Court, where the Ilford murder trial took place, is still popularly known by its former name of the Old Bailey. The above drawings, reproduced from our issue of October 2, 1920, give glimpses of typical procedure. On the opening day of a session, the Lord Mayor attends in State, and his sword (as shown in the large drawing) is placed over the chief seat as an emblem of his authority. The ancient custom, still observed, of placing bouquets on the Bench and strewing the floor with medicinal herbs, was first introduced in the days of the Plague, and later was practised as a "disinfectant" against

"prison fever" when gaols were not so sanitary as they are to-day. The prisoner, with two warders, is seen in the dock on the left. The jury is in the centre background, with a woman in the witness-box on the right. The various subjects in the upper left-hand drawing are: (1) Prisoners arriving in the "Black Maria" (prison van); (2) Prisoners assembled on arrival in a passage leading to the cells; (3) A prisoner in his cell; (4) A prisoner ascending the steps from the cells to the dock; (5) Counsel in the Library; (6) Wardresses in their room; (7) A Judge's private room.—[Drawings Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.—C.R.]

THE ILFORD MURDER TRIAL: PERSONALITIES IN THE CASE.

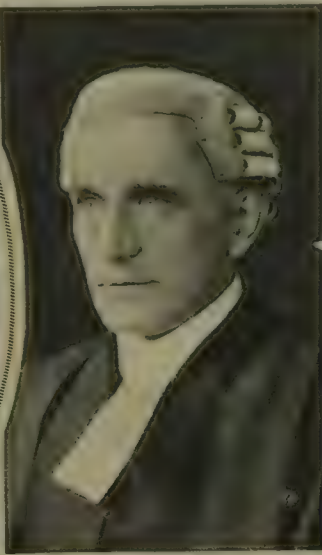
PHOTOGRAPHS BY BARRATT'S, TOPICAL, G.P.U., AND PHOTOPRESS.



THE SOLICITOR-GENERAL, WHO PROSECUTED FOR THE CROWN: MR. W. H. INSKIP, K.C.



COUNSEL FOR MRS. THOMPSON: SIR HENRY CURTIS BENNETT, K.C.



COUNSEL FOR FREDERICK BYWATERS: MR. CECIL WHITELEY, K.C.



TAKEN AT ILFRACOMBE TWO YEARS BEFORE THEIR MARRIAGE: MRS. THOMPSON AND HER LATE HUSBAND.



INCLUDING THE ONLY WOMAN JUROR (SECOND FROM LEFT) WITH A WARDRESS (EXTREME LEFT): THE JURY ON THEIR WAY TO ST. PAUL'S FOR SUNDAY MORNING SERVICE THE DAY BEFORE THE TRIAL ENDED.



THE JUDGE, WHO SENTENCED THE PRISONERS TO DEATH: MR. JUSTICE SHEARMAN.



SENTENCED TO DEATH FOR THE MURDER OF PERCY THOMPSON: FREDERICK BYWATERS; AGED TWENTY.



SENTENCED TO DEATH FOR THE MURDER OF HER HUSBAND: MRS. EDITH JESSIE THOMPSON; NOW AGED TWENTY-EIGHT.

The dramatic trial of Mrs. Edith Thompson and Frederick Bywaters, for the murder of the former's husband, Percy Thompson, ended on December 11, when both prisoners were found guilty and sentenced to death. The victim of the crime, it may be recalled, was stabbed in a street at Ilford on the early morning of October 4. The case, which was heard at the Central Criminal Court (the Old Bailey) before Mr. Justice Shearman and a jury which included one woman, began on December 6 and lasted for five days. The prosecution for the Crown was

conducted by the Solicitor-General, Mr. T. W. H. Inskip, K.C., assisted by Mr. Travers Humphreys and Mr. Roland Oliver. Mrs. Thompson was defended by Sir Henry Curtis Bennett, K.C., with whom were Mr. Walter Frampton and Mr. Ivan Snell. On behalf of Frederick Bywaters appeared Mr. Cecil Whiteley, K.C., Mr. Huntley Jenkins, and Mr. Myles Elliott. An extraordinary feature of the case was the amazing series of letters written by Mrs. Thompson to Bywaters. As shown in our other illustrations, the trial aroused unprecedented public interest.

"NOT LISTENING TO A PLAY": MORBID INTEREST IN A MURDER CASE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY L.N.A., C.N., FARRINGTON PHOTO. CO., AND STAGE PHOTO. CO.



AS FOR THE FIRST NIGHT OF A POPULAR PLAY: AN EARLY MORNING QUEUE WAITING OUTSIDE THE OLD BAILEY FOR THE ILFORD MURDER TRIAL.



AN ALL-NIGHT SITTING FOR PLACES IN THE QUEUE FOR THE ILFORD TRIAL: A CAMP-STOOL PARTY OUTSIDE THE OLD BAILEY AT 2 A.M.



PUBLIC INTEREST IN THE TRIAL OF MRS. EDITH JESSIE THOMPSON AND FREDERICK EDWARD FRANCIS BYWATERS FOR THE MURDER OF PERCY THOMPSON: A CROWD OF CURIOUS ONLOOKERS ASSEMBLED OUTSIDE THE ENTRANCE TO THE OLD BAILEY DURING THE PROCEEDINGS.



A MURDER TRIAL AT THE OLD BAILEY AS SEEN "FROM THE STALLS OF A THEATRE": THE BLACK CAP AND DEATH SENTENCE ON THE STAGE, IN "THE BALANCE," AT THE STRAND THEATRE.



A MURDER TRIAL AT THE OLD BAILEY AS SHOWN ON THE FILMS: A SCENE FROM "FLAMES OF PASSION"—MR. AUBREY SMITH AS PROSECUTING COUNSEL AND MR. HENRY VIBART AS LORD CHIEF JUSTICE.

The extraordinary and growing public interest in murder trials of a sensational kind was shown once more by the remarkable scenes outside the Old Bailey during the Ilford case. Spectators began to assemble in the early hours of the morning on the opening day, and in the later stages there were all-night sittings, and considerable sums were paid to secure places in the queue. While a keen professional interest in murder cases is intelligible and right in anyone studying the subject professionally, such as a lawyer or a psychologist, it certainly shows a

morbid tendency on the part of the general public. 'It is one thing to watch imaginary suffering on the stage, but quite another to regard an actual trial, where the suffering is real, as a dramatic entertainment. On this point we may recall what the Judge (Mr. Justice Shearman) said to the jury during the Ilford trial. They should not forget, he pointed out, that they were in a Court of Justice trying a vulgar and common crime. They were not listening to a play from the stalls of a theatre.

CHRISTMAS SHOPPING CROWDS IN CANADA: GREETING SANTA CLAUS.

PHOTOGRAPH BY TOPICAL.



"SUPPOSE NOBODY CARED" FOR CHRISTMAS: A SUPPOSITION OBVIOUSLY UNFOUNDED IN TORONTO—THE CROWD OUTSIDE A BIG STORE WAITING TO WELCOME ITS DRESSED-UP REPRESENTATIVE OF SANTA CLAUS.

London is not the only place where Christmas is a great commercial as well as a popular festival. A correspondent writes: "Christmas shopping is now in full swing in the majority of Canadian cities, and it is extraordinary the grip some of the stores get upon the public through their various advertising schemes. This enormous crowd, gathered outside one of the big stores in Toronto, gives a very vivid impression of the amount of interest taken by the people on behalf of their children for a sight of Santa Claus. The stores in question every year have a

dressed-up Santa Claus who goes about shaking hands with the customers, and at intervals makes himself known to the outside public, for, as shown by the crowd in the photograph, it is quite apparent that no store would be able to accommodate so many at a time." In the crowd, it will be noted, are many women carrying babies. The police look very like those of London, and quite as good-humoured. The banner in the left background bears the words—"Suppose Nobody Cared"—a supposition which is obviously contrary to fact.

The World of the Theatre

By J. T. GREIN.

THE THEATRE IN BULGARIA.—THE STAGE SOCIETY.

FROM time to time I hope to tell my readers something about theatrical life in countries which are not exactly over the way, like France and Germany, but more reminiscent of our late Premier's question: "Where is Teschen?"—a geographical exclamation which will go down to history with that of Judge Coleridge anent Connie Gilchrist. For it is an interesting study, this observation of how the theatre thrives in countries which have only recently been emancipated from serfdom, and in the first breath of freedom have created a national life. Take Bulgaria, our late enemy, under pressure of the mailed fist. Has anybody over here an idea of what is going on in Sofia? Does anyone care to read the national Bulgar poets: Vojnikov, the father of the Bulgarian Theatre; Popov, the first Director of the National Theatre; Drumov, better known as Father Clement, the Metropolitan of Sofia, the dramatic historian of his country?

Seventy years ago there was no theatre in Bulgaria, then under the Turk; and the Turk for a long time would not allow enlightenment. So the first experiments were tried by stealth and fits and starts. Nor were the drama and its exponents anything else but elementary. The peasants had to be trained to listen to the new form of entertainment; Vojnikov wrote little dialogues, mostly with a political, economical, or domestic purpose—little problem-plays, in fact—and gradually the taste spread, and he, licensed by the Turks (who had discovered that the theatre kept the population quiet), by degrees widened the scope and ambition of the plays. He improvised a theatre of rough seats and no fireplace, with scenery brushed by amateurs who knew very little about anything else but villages and hovels; with costumes devised grotesquely by the local jobbing tailor, whose intentions were palpably superior to his artistic capacity. But the people had caught fire: the theatre, albeit in lofts and barns and tents, became the order of the day, and plays and players improved as time went on.

In 1888 (take note, ye readers who happen to be County Councillors and other *patres curiæ*!) the State of Bulgaria—which was still a very humble Principality and did not dream of Ferdinand and his Tsardom—granted the first subsidy to the company of the "Bulgarian Theatre," which was then housed in a wooden shanty such as we find still in English country fairs. The acting in those days was still archaic; the plays mainly bad translations from the French and German, or adaptations from the Russian, which is familiar to most Bulgarians. Twenty years later there took place in Sofia the inauguration of the National Theatre—built by the State; maintained by the State. I have seen pictures of it: it is not very large, but more up to date than most theatres in London, especially on the scenic side. Thenceforward, the National Theatre of Bulgaria took great flights; the actors, after studies in Paris and Vienna, were real artists (the Bulgarians are full of temperament); the native playwrights, too, were no longer amateurs, but, stimulated by the Russian school of the Tchekoffs, Tolstois, Dostoevskis, tried to reproduce national life in their works. With the war the flood of Russian refugees peopled Bulgaria with many actors of renown who came to stay; soon Sofia had its Renaissance Theatre giving operettas, and its Free Theatre, with its own high-brow *clientèle*; and every fair-sized city now has its playhouse and its own company, while once a year the Bulgarian National Theatre—this is a condition of the subsidy—tours around the provinces so that the country may learn what is done with the country's money. And our Shakespeare Memorial administrators grant one miserable thousand per annum to the Old Vic; the State does nothing at all! They do things better in Bulgaria!

"This performance is a deed!" I ventured to say to Mr. W. S. Kennedy, the President of the Stage Society, when Mr. C. K. Munro's play, "The Rumour," had run its four hours' course. A deed, I repeat, which stands to the credit of the Society; of the actors, admirable beyond my praise—splendid evidence of talent and individuality in our midst; of the producer, Allan Wade, who has materialised many phases of life with the eye of an observer and a leader;

last, but not least, of the author, who by this work of art has achieved his place among the playwrights.

"The Rumour"—which the author calls "a study in organisation," as well as "a play in two parts," is, in my opinion, not a play in the ordinary sense of the word. It is not built like a play; it is constructed on the episodic lines adapted by George Kaiser (author of "Gas," etc.), of Berlin, and of Le Normand (author of "Les Ratés"), of Paris. It adheres to the principles of the French critic, Jean Jullien, that realism is "to transfer to the stage a slice of life" with art. Mr. Munro gives us nothing but slices of life in this profound study; he gives them with the art of natural dialogue, of live characters, of vivid episodes. But in this momentous work, perhaps his firstling, he has not yet mastered one of the arts of the theatre—the art of proportion. He vacillates between the graphic and the over-elaborate; hence the play is overburdened with speech which could well be curtailed in some places in order to harmonise with other episodes.

Mr. Munro has yet to feel that you cannot be absolutely real in projecting life to the theatre, either in form or in parlance. The drama demands a certain sense of proportion, since it crystallises in a few hours that which in reality

demand a much longer span of time. So we have, on the one hand, moments; on the other, periods; and the periods, however interesting, are fatiguing to the listener: he cannot take it all in; he has no time to reflect or to digest. One hour cut out, and this work will be one of the most powerful anti-war agents that has ever been created. For from his angle in his conning-tower the author sees it all: how the men and women of the world over B-and-S. and small talk discuss the events of the day; how conflicts germinate in far-away countries; how the Press heaps fuel on smouldering fires;

how at the desk of finance money is held more precious than life; how deputations are handled by ministers; how Cabinets can make or mar war; how allies fight like bantams, yet on the balcony bamboozle the mob with hollow words and fervid embraces; how enthusiasm grows and sacrifice of sons saddens the people; at length, and like a silken thread through all the action, how the middle-class man, in sublime ignorance fostered by such doubtful founts of enlightenment as the papers throw out for him, talks casually and at random about the fate of nation and man, and turns more intently to news about growing cucumbers, or epidemics, or other minor things, which to him, however, are of far greater importance than politics so long as his pocket remains unaffected. Truly a wonderful play, by one who has seen life steadily and whole from the lamp-post round the corner to the limelight of ministerial councils and the wild-fire of meetings in countries hostile and about to wage war.

Would that I could name the actors who worked with such magnificent zeal for their author, and gave hours and hours of preparation to man two performances. If it were in my power I would foregather one and all, pilot them across the Continent, and ask Europe: "Well, what about English acting?" And the answer would be obvious.

May I on this page express a word of thanks to the hundreds of friends who—under the Presidency of Mr. T. P. O'Connor, and in the presence of the Netherlands Minister, Jonkheer Marees van Swinderen, and thanks to the tireless devotion of Carl Hentschel and Cyril Strong—rendered the memorial banquet of my forty years of dramatic criticism a "perfect evening" for me? May I also thank those who by cable, pen, and voice have sent me messages of good-will and encouragement? Such sympathy, surpassing all hope and expectation, will spur me on to work for the welfare of our theatre as long as life-force will allow.



AS BRUNNHILDE IN "THE VALKYRIE"—A PART SHE WILL TAKE AT COVENT GARDEN: MISS FLORENCE AUSTRAL.



PADLOCKED: MR. R. ELLIS AS PAPAGENO ("MAGIC FLUTE.")



AS ONE OF THE VALKYRIES IN "THE VALKYRIE": MISS MAY BLYTH.



AS TONIO IN "PAGLIACCI": MR. ROBERT PARKER.



TO PLAY PAPAGENA IN "THE MAGIC FLUTE," AND OTHER RÔLES: MISS SARAH FISCHER.

The British National Opera Company is to give a four weeks' season at Covent Garden from December 26 to January 20. We give above portraits of some of the chief singers in the characters in which they will appear. In "The Magic Flute" a padlock is fastened to the lips of Papageno by the attendants of the Queen of the Night as a punishment for divulging a secret. Mr. Robert Parker is the principal baritone of the company. Miss Sarah Fischer is the well-known Canadian lyric soprano.

Photographs by Hulton's, Ltd., and Rice (Montreal).

THE "NEW STAR" RUMOUR: HOW SUCH A BODY MAY ORIGINATE.

DRAWN BY SCRIVEN BOLTON, F.R.A.S., THE WELL-KNOWN ASTRONOMER.



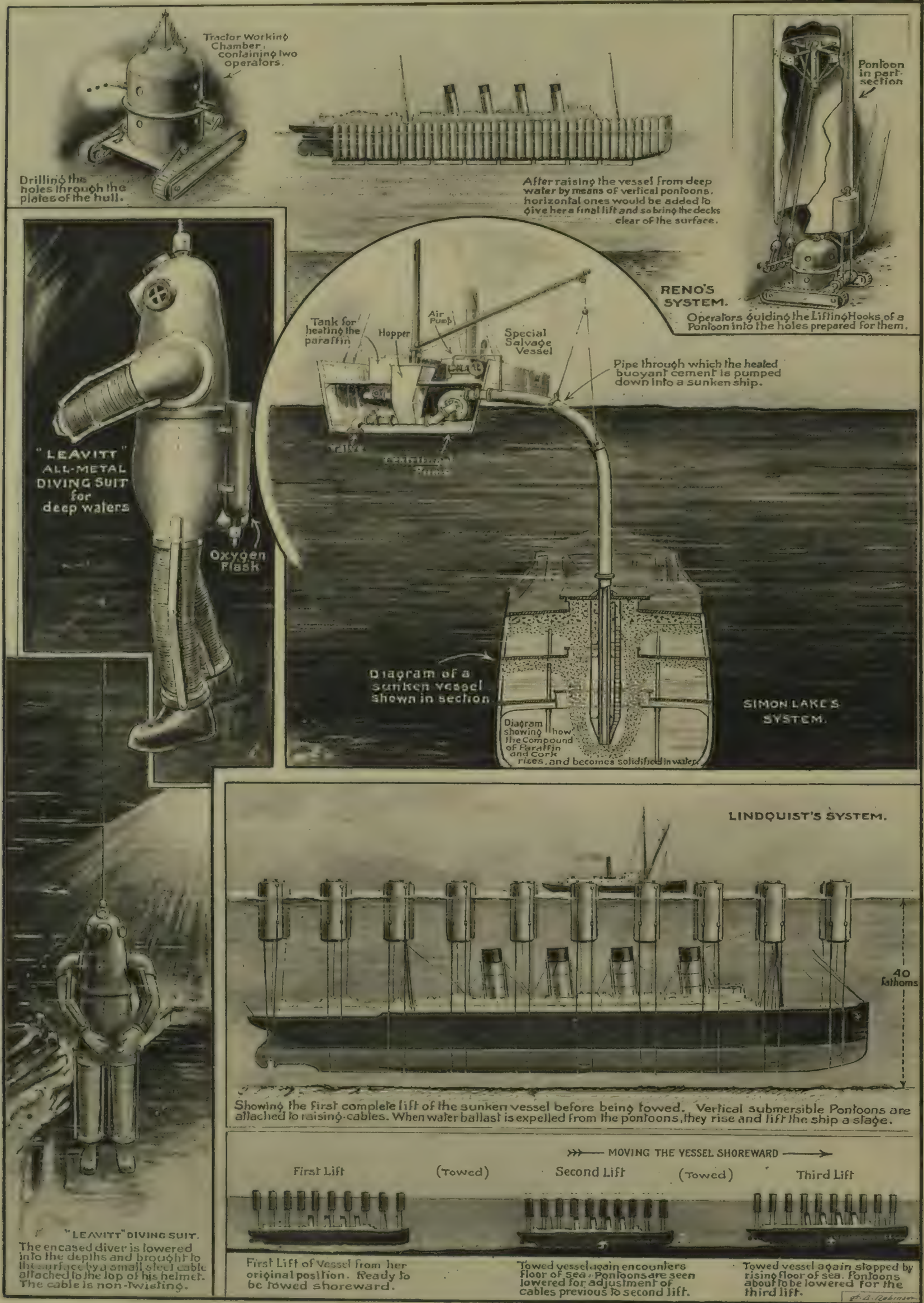
STRUCK OFF WHEN TWO STARS GRAZE EACH OTHER: A THIRD BODY, OR EXPLODING SUN, FAR EXCEEDING
THEM IN BRILLIANCE—AN ASTRONOMICAL THEORY OF THE ORIGIN OF A "NEW STAR."

The recent report that a new star of the first magnitude had been discovered by a Roumanian astronomer, M. Zwierel, was subsequently discredited by the Greenwich Observatory authorities, whose observations and inquiries had failed to confirm it. The author of our illustration, Mr. Scriven Bolton, writes regarding a similar phenomenon: "With the advent of a new star, the question is again raised whether the Earth will ever be involved in a celestial collision, and 'melt with fervent heat,' according to Biblical prophecy. A collision with even the nearest-known star is, during the present age, improbable, since the distance is so great that the event could not well happen for 80,000 years. On the other hand, a collision with a dark wandering body, a cooled-down sun (and such are believed

to be numerous), is a circumstance which, though we say it with reserve, might some day be realised. The intruder would be attracted to the sun, and a mere graze would produce such heat as to reduce the Earth to ashes. . . . Brilliant new stars are rare. For the most satisfactory explanation of these tremendous cataclysms we are indebted to Mr. A. W. Bickerton, whose theory assumes a graze between two stars, which would make a third body, or an exploding sun, thousands of times more brilliant than those from which it was struck off. This third body is the new star. The event would really have occurred hundreds of years before its light, owing to the immense distance, reached the Earth, though light travels about 186,000 miles every second."—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

THE NEW "LUSITANIA" DISCLOSURE: SCHEMES FOR SALVING THE SHIP.

DRAWN BY W. B. ROBINSON, AFTER ILLUSTRATIONS IN THE "SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN."



CERTIFIED NOT TO HAVE CARRIED GUNS OR TROOPS: THE "LUSITANIA"—VARIOUS SALVAGE SYSTEMS.

The former Collector at the Port of New York, Mr. D. F. Malone, has published his report on the "Lusitania" when she sailed on the voyage during which she was torpedoed by a German submarine on May 7, 1915. It shows that she carried neither guns nor troops, but had on board 5400 cases of ammunition, by permission of the U.S. Department of Commerce, as not being explosives within the meaning of the Statutes. The ship sank in about forty fathoms (240 ft.). The "Scientific American" says: "The raising of the liner may be effected either by buoyancy applied within her body or by buoyant media exerting a lifting force

outside and upon the wreck through wire ropes or chain cables attached to the ship. Or the salvors might confine their labours to the recovery only of valuables carried by the steamer, letting the 'Lusitania' remain upon the sea-bed. Indeed, an attempt of the latter nature is shortly to be made; and special apparatus has been devised by Mr. B. F. Leavitt." The writer goes on to describe systems for actually refloating the ship; invented by Mr. Simon Lake, of Berlin, Mr. Carl J. Lindquist, of New York, and Mr. Jesse W. Reno. Our diagrams explain the details.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.

HOW DIVERS MAY ENTER THE "LUSITANIA": NEW DEEP-SEA "ARMOUR."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PACIFIC AND ATLANTIC PHOTOS., LTD.



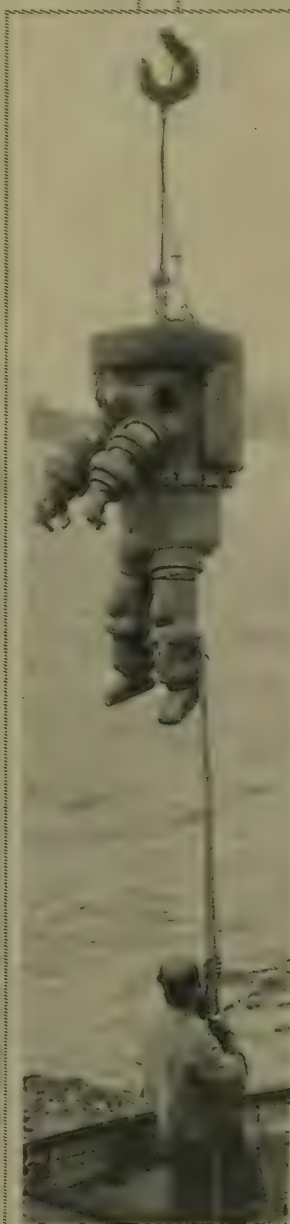
WITH CUP-AND-BALL JOINTS FOR THE ELBOW AND FINGERS: THE RIGHT ARM OF A NEW METAL DIVING-SUIT FOR DEEP-SEA WORK—A GERMAN INVENTION.



TO WITHSTAND THE ENORMOUS PRESSURE AT GREAT DEPTHS: THE HEAVY CUIRASS, MOVABLE ARMS, AND HAND-GRIPS.



"DRESSING" FOR THE DEPTHS: A DIVER IN THE LOWER PART OF THE APPARATUS, WITH THE UPPER SECTION READY TO BE LOWERED INTO POSITION.



LANDING A HUMAN DEEP-SEA MONSTER: CRANING UP A DIVER AFTER HIS DESCENT.



SUGGESTING A WELL-KNOWN MOTOR TYRE ADVERTISEMENT: AN ARMoured KNIGHT OF THE UNDER-SEA—THE COMPLETE OUTFIT.

It would be a stroke of irony if a German invention should lead to the salving of the "Lusitania." These photographs illustrate yet another type of all-metal deep-sea diving apparatus, recently perfected at Kiel, by means of which it may be possible to explore the ill-fated Cunarder and other ships sunk in the war. The whole outfit weighs 400 kilogrammes (about 881 lb.) its great strength being designed to withstand the enormous hydrostatic pressure in deep water. Although the occupant would be helpless on land, under the sea he could move with considerable agility, and it is claimed that a diver thus equipped would have perfect freedom at a depth of 1000 ft. It will be noted that the large upper section and steel

head-piece, like that of the Leavitt suit illustrated on the opposite page, affords room for movement within, and is fitted with three little look-out windows, one in front, and one on each side. It also contains an air-chamber (which the diver can regulate), an electric light, and a telephone, by which he can communicate through the lowering cable with his assistants on the surface. Describing the Leavitt device, with which the above affords an interesting comparison, the "Scientific American" says: "The present suits are constructed of bronze, and weigh 350 lb. When submerged this weight is cut down to about 75 lb. by reason of the displacement of the diving dress."

"AND BECAME A NAME LIKE THE OTHERS."

"KNOLE AND THE SACKVILLES." By V. SACKVILLE-WEST.*

THE seven Courts of Knole are as the days of the week in number; "and in pursuance of this conceit there are in the house fifty-two staircases, corresponding to the weeks in the year, and three-hundred and sixty-five rooms, corresponding to the days"—an unchecked but satisfactory total. There are four acres of buildings, like a mediæval village. From the north, the place is seen "heaped with no attempt at symmetry; it is sombre and frowning; the grey towers rise, the battlements cut out their square regularly against the sky; the buttresses of the old twelfth-century tithe-barn give a rough impression of fortifications." From the garden side, it is gay and princely—"the grey walls rising straight up from the green turf; the mullioned windows, and the Tudor gables with the heraldic leopards sitting stiffly at each corner." Above all, it is an English house. "It has the tone of England; it melts into the green of the garden turf, into the tawnier green of the park beyond, into the blue of the pale English sky; it settles down into its hollow amongst the cushioned tops of the trees; the brown-red of those roofs is the brown-red of the roofs of humble farms and pointed oast-houses, such as stain over a wide landscape of England the quilt-like pattern of the fields."

Inside, as well as out, the centuries and the fashions jostle one another; it is at once a museum and a home. It has the numbing chill of the collection; the pleasant warmth of the true house.

Ball-room, banqueting-hall and long galleries are pretentious and large enough to have been ill-served by their braziers, however meticulously these were disposed and moved; but most of the rooms are rather small and rather low. "The principal beds, of course, must have been magnificently stuffy. They are four-posters, so tall as to reach from floor to ceiling, with stiff, brocaded curtains that could completely enclose the sleeper. But on winter days," hazards the chronicler, "I cannot believe that the group ever moved very far away from the fireplace or the brazier; and, indeed, . . . they seemed always to be 'keeping their chamber' on account of coughs, colds, rheumatism, or ague when they were not keeping it because they were 'sullen' with one another, or 'brought to bed' of a son or a daughter."

The contrasts are ever sharp. The Cartoon Gallery is ninety feet in length, "the floor formed of black oak planks irregularly laid, the charm of which is that they are not planks at all, but solid tree-trunks, split in half, with the rounded half downwards." The Venetian Ambassador's Bed-Room is green-and-gold, with Burgundian tapestry, "mediæval figures walking in a garden; a rosy Persian rug—of all rooms I never saw a room that so had over it a bloom like the bloom on a bowl of grapes and figs. . . . Greens and pinks originally bright, now dusted and tarnished over."

And as it is with the place so it is with those who have peopled it. Of all of them it might be written "then he fell ill and died . . . and became a name like the others, and his portrait took its place among the rest, with a label recording the dates of his birth and death."

But that could neither satisfy nor do justice. Many are part of history. About some there is misty fragrance; about others are the gaudiness of dissipation, the patriarchal arrogance of the aristocrat, the glamour of wars, the cunning of Courts and Councils; the patience of her who wrote: "The marble pillars of Knole in Kent and Wilton in Wiltshire were to me oftentimes but the gay arbours of anguish"; the hard-handedness of him who fined his servants for their faults—Henry Mattock, 3d., "for scolding to extremity on Sunday without cause"; William Loc, 2s., "for running out of doors from morning to midnight without leave"; Richard

Meadowes, 6d. "for being absent when my Lord came home late, and making a heedless excuse"—the quaint "crankiness" of that pipe-smoking Lady Anne who had the law on a tenant for not paying the hen due as a "peppercorn" part of his rent and, after winning her case at a cost of £400, invited her defeated opponent to dinner, "and caused the bird to be cooked for them both as the staple dish of the meal."

Miss Sackville-West draws them—a set of vignettes—picturing them and their times with them, framing them boldly yet delicately with woven words—"a race too prodigal, too amorous, too weak, too indolent, and too melancholy."

See them. The Sir Richard Sackville of the reigns of Henry VIII. and Elizabeth, "from his

second to certify him I would presently divide the difference, and should therefore meet him, on horseback, only waited upon by our surgeons, they being unarmed."

In 1628, when the fourth Earl was Lord Chamberlain to Charles I., the year's income from Knole and Sevenoaks was £100 18s. 6d., a fifth part of which was derived from the sale of rabbits; but, of course, money had a very different value in those days—multiplication by ten is necessary. Still, it was but little. There were ways of supplementing it!

The Duke petitioned for that part of the east coast of America which to-day includes New York, Boston, and Philadelphia—no inhabitants having been found there! He also asked for "Certain islands on the south of New England—viz.: Long Island, Cole Island, Sandy Point, Hell Gates, Martin's [? Martha's] Vineyard, Elizabeth Islands, Block Island, with other islands near thereunto, were lately discovered by some of your Majesty's subjects, and are not yet inhabited by Christians." Underneath his petition is scribbled: "Reference to the Attorney-General to prepare a grant. Whitehall, 20th Dec., 1637." No wonder he could spend £40,000 after his son's marriage!

Then the Restoration Earl, the sixth: "The jolly, loose-living, magnificent Mæcenæ, during the whole of his life the patron of men of genius and the dupe of women." When he was Lord Buckhurst, it was recorded of him by Pepys: "My Lord Buckhurst hath got Nell [Gwyn] away from the King's House [the Theatre in Drury Lane], and gives her £100 a year, so as she hath sent her parts to the house and will act no more."

He was venal, too. "In 1697, we read that 'My Lord Chamberlain Dorset has sold the Keepership of Greenwich Park to the Earl of Romney' [James Vernon to Matthew Prior], and in the same year . . . 'Lord Dorset hath resigned his office of Lord Chamberlain to the Earl of Sunderland for the sum of ten thousand pounds,' but where was this sum to come from? Not out of Lord Sunderland's pocket; no, but 'which his Majesty pays.' " Incidentally, he aided in the flight of Princess, afterwards Queen, Anne: Then "one of her Royal Highness's shoes sticking fast in the mud, the accident threatened to impede her escape; but Lord Dorset, immediately drawing off his white glove, put it on the Princess's foot, and placed her safely in the carriage."

The gay Duke of the end of the eighteenth century, then Ambassador in Paris, was much interested in the affair of the diamond necklace, and, in 1785, was writing to the Foreign Office: "The usually credited account is that the Cardinal [de Rohan] has forged an order from the Queen to the Jeweller of the

Crown to deliver to him diamonds to the amount of 1,600,000 livres, and which diamonds he actually received."

As a patron of art, the same Duke paid Ozias Humphrey sixteen guineas for a miniature, twelve guineas for a portrait of the Duchess in crayons, and twenty-four pounds for "a small crayon picture of the crossing-sweeper at Hyde Park Corner with a rich gold frame and glass." Opie painted Edmund Burke for him, for £24 3s. In those days, it is clear, the average price for a half-length was £37; but Reynolds received £300 for a full-length.

So passed in pageantry the men and the women—"and his portrait took its place among the rest, with a label recording the dates of his birth and death."

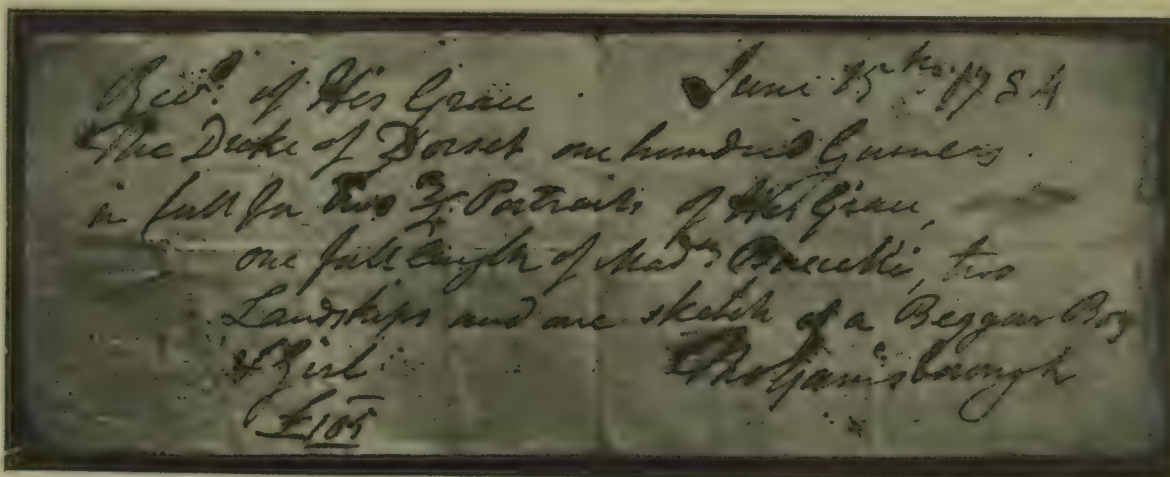
Miss Sackville-West has written of them all with the understanding of insight and the grace of sympathy. They live under her pen as they live, many of them, on the canvases. They are, indeed, fortunate in their chronicler: she is to their faults a little blind, if not to their virtues very kind; they are Relations rather than Public Characters to her; but her eyes are never so dimmed that they do not see the truth. Her Foreword, like so many, is part apology for "shortcomings": her readers will ask "Why?"—E. H. G.



SET UP IN 1605: LEAD PIPE-HEADS OF KNOLE.

wealth called Sackfill or Fillsack, though not, "it appears, 'either griping or penurious,' " the founder of the family fortunes and purchaser, for the sum of £641 5s. 10d., of "the whole of the land lying between Bridewell and Water Lane from Fleet Street to the Thames"!

Then the first Earl of Dorset, with the warrant he signed, as Lord Treasurer, for increasing the duty on tobacco: "That tobacco, being a drug brought into England of late years in small quantities, was used and taken by the better sort only as physic to preserve health; but through evil custom and the toleration thereof that riotous and disorderly persons



GAINSBOROUGH'S RECEIPT FOR ONE HUNDRED GUINEAS—FOR SIX WORKS! A CURIOSITY OF KNOLE.

The receipt, it will be noted, accounts for the sum paid to Gainsborough, on June 15, 1784, for two three-quarter-length portraits, one full-length, two "landscapes," and one sketch of a Beggar Boy and Girl.

Illustrations Reproduced from "Knole and the Sackvilles," by Courtesy of the Author, and of the Publisher, William Heinemann, Ltd.

spent most of their time in that idle vanity." That was in 1605.

Next: in the days of James I., the twenty-three-year-old Edward Sackville fighting his famous duel with Lord Bruce, and commenting quaintly on his opponent's desire to "have" him alone, without seconds present: "the which, not for matter, but for manner, so moved me, as though to my remembrance I had not for a long while eaten more liberally than at dinner; and therefore, unfit for such an action [seeing the surgeons hold a wound upon a full stomach much more dangerous than otherwise], I requested my

* "Knole and the Sackvilles." By V. Sackville-West. Illustrated. (William Heinemann; 25s. net.)



ONE OF THE FEW BIRDS WHICH DIVE FROM A HEIGHT WHILE ON THE WING: THE KINGFISHER BRINGING PREY THUS CAUGHT TO FEED ITS YOUNG.

"WITH all birds yet retaining the power of flight," writes Mr. Pycraft, "there is always a liberal 'margin of safety' in regard to the wing area. That is to say, this is always in excess of the minimum area necessary to make flight possible. This much, indeed, is manifest from the fact that the eagle can bear off a victim equalling himself in weight. . . . Sometimes the burden is a passenger instead of a victim. One of the most striking of the coloured plates in this volume is that of a woodcock carrying one of its nestlings to a distant feeding place. This habit is well known. It is not often that the necessity arises, but there are occasions where suitable nesting and feeding grounds cannot be found together, or when, as during prolonged drought, the normal feeding area dries up. Then, instinctively, the parent will surmount the dangers of starvation for the offspring, by conveying them to a land of plenty, returning again to the shelter of the wood as soon as the meal is over. The weight of a newly-hatched nestling, it is true, could scarcely be called a 'burden.' But they are carried about thus until they are strong enough to perform the journey for themselves. Thus, then, towards the end of the nursing period, the weight to be carried is by no means a light one." Mr. Pycraft also gives an interesting account of the "love-flight" of the male woodcock, and, in another passage alluding to this bird, he writes: "Why does the woodcock invariably drop after a charge of shot, even though not a pellet has touched it, while a snipe pursues its way? These differences are not merely differences of 'habit': they indicate subtle differences in nervous response to the same kind of stimulus, and in structural details yet to be unravelled. Some day the cinematograph will reveal to us all the phases of flight and the movements to which they are due. Even now, thanks to the modern camera, we have learned a great deal."

The name of Mr. W. P. Pycraft, of the Zoological Department of the British Museum, is well known to our readers from the weekly "Science Jottings" which he contributes to this paper. He has written a number of delightful books, including "A History of Birds," "The Infancy of Animals," and "The Courtship of Animals," to which he has

In a passage of his book which makes incidental reference to the kingfisher's method of fishing for its prey, Mr. Pycraft says: "The upward progress of a bird when soaring is, of necessity, comparatively slow. But in what we may call 'plunging' flight, the case is very different, for here the velocity of the descent is great. The frigate-birds of tropical seas, and the gannet of our own, display this mode of flight to perfection. It is worth going far to see a gannet dive. Travelling at a relatively considerable height, and eagerly scanning the surface of the water for signs of a shoal of fish, this amazing bird dives with the speed of lightning, and with half-spread wings disappears with a terrific plunge beneath the surface, to emerge, an instant later, with his prey. One can measure the force of such a plunge by the cruel trick, sometimes played by fishermen, of fastening a herring to a board, and setting it adrift where gannets are about. The unsuspecting victim descends as usual upon his prey, only to meet instant death by the shock of his impact with the board. . . . While one may often see the gannet on the wing, it is by no means so often that one will have the good fortune to see him dive, for he is not always hungry. His white body, pointed tail, and black quill-feathers would then enable the novice to name him at once. . . . There are two other birds which dive from a height on the wing. One of these is the kingfisher: the other is the tern. The term 'tern' is here used collectively, for there are several species, but all have this habit of diving from a height. During the summer months one may be quite sure of an opportunity of watching the graceful, easy flight of at least three species, for they haunt the sea-shore, river and lake with equal impartiality." The adjoining picture shows a kingfisher bringing to its young a small fish. This picture, which forms the frontispiece to Mr. Pycraft's new book, "Birds in Flight," gives a good idea of the kingfisher's plumage, whose brilliant blue is remarkable among British birds.



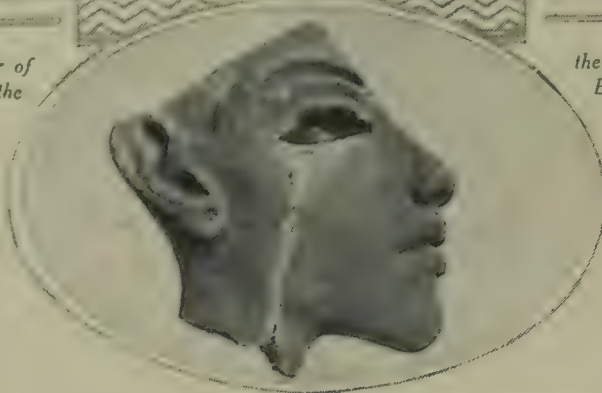
"SOMETIMES THE BURDEN IS A PASSENGER, INSTEAD OF A VICTIM": A WOODCOCK CARRYING ONE OF ITS NESTLINGS TO A DISTANT FEEDING-PLACE

just added another, entitled "Birds in Flight." Some extracts from it are given above, together with two of the twelve beautiful colour-plates by Mr. Roland Green, F.Z.S., which form illustrations to the volume. It contains also eight plates in black and white, and other line drawings.



THE HERETIC PHARAOH'S PRIME MINISTER AND HIS HOUSE: ANOTHER GREAT EGYPTIAN "FIND."

By C. Leonard Woolley, formerly Director of
Tell el-Amarna, and now Director of the



the Egypt Exploration Society's Expedition at
British Museum Expedition in Mesopotamia.

IN *The Illustrated London News* for May 6 last, I described the workmen's dwellings at Tell el-Amarna. At the other end of the social scale came the mansion of the Prime Minister of the Empire, which was discovered by the Egypt Exploration Society last winter in the main city of Akhetaten.

All the wealthier houses stood in their own grounds. A gateway from the road led into a garden round which were ranged blocks of buildings, servants' quarters, stables, granaries and bread-ovens, and in the middle was a small kiosk, half summer-house and half chapel, and the deep well which was the private water-supply. The outbuildings of the Prime Minister's house, which was only found at the close of the season, have not yet been excavated, but the house itself is completely cleared of sand and rubbish.

Like all the rest, it is solidly built of mud brick on an artificial platform some two feet high, above which the walls were found standing up to six feet. A broad flight of shallow brick steps led up to the

THE HERETIC PHARAOH: A BUST OF KING AKHENATEN,
FATHER-IN-LAW OF TUTANKHAMEN.

The head is carved in fine red sandstone for inlay; the head-dress was made separately in granite, and the eye and eyebrow were inlaid.

written by Pharaoh in praise of his God. The doorway to the inner reception-room was of stone painted yellow, whereon blue hieroglyphs reiterated the dignities of the owner. The small stone windows and the green capitals of the columns are restored in our coloured drawing from examples found elsewhere in the town ruins.

Out of the reception-room opened (on the west) a second columned loggia, perhaps a sitting-out place for the colder weather, a flight of brick stairs leading to the upper floor; a bed-room passage, and the inner reception-room (on the south). The latter lay in the centre of the more private part of the mansion; it was flanked by big cupboards wherein one could still trace the wide shelves that had held the household stores, and in the south-east and south-west corners of the building were the bed-rooms of the master and mistress of the house. Each of these has at one end a slightly recessed brick dais, whereon stood the bedstead, and each is provided with its own bath-room and lavatory.

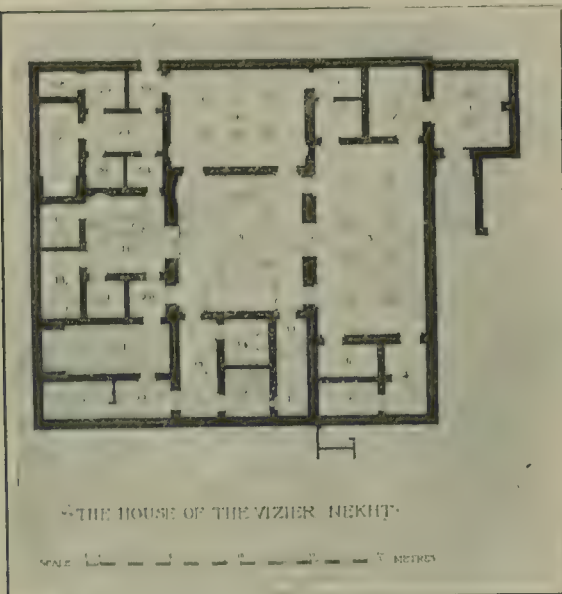
Unluckily, these last have been badly ruined, and to illustrate their original character one must turn to other houses: there we see the shallow stone douche-bath, with its overflow-basin, the facing of stone slabs that protected the brick wall from the wet, and the low platform on which the servant stood to pour water over the crouching bather; while in the lavatory we find, on a raised brick base with central channel, the brick supports for the wooden seat of the earth-closet: certainly no native house in modern Egypt would show so up-to-date a sanitary installation!

The reception-rooms rose to the full height of the house, but over the back rooms there was a second storey, similar in plan, and fallen column-bases prove that on the upper floor there were columned galleries corresponding to the north and west loggias: of the use of these we know nothing, but we must suppose that the whole top storey was reserved for the private needs of the family.

Nekht, the owner of the house, was, according to his inscriptions, originally the Overseer of Public Works, so that probably he was responsible for the erection of most of the royal and state buildings of Akhetaten, perhaps himself the builder. To a King in whose eyes the Empire counted for little and the new capital for everything, this must have made him a very important person; and when, late in Akhenaten's reign his chief-minister fell into disgrace (as is shown by defacement of his memorials), it was only natural that Nekht should step into his shoes, and hardly less natural that in his inscriptions he should give his title of Overseer precedence over the theoretically much more honourable one of Grand Vizier, a subtle flattery of his royal master's wrongheadedness. His next politic act was to elaborate his name to Nekht-pa-Aten, thus identifying himself with the service of Aten, the One God; and he started excavating for himself a tomb alongside those of the other courtiers in the cliffs of the sacred valley where alone the soul of the good Aten-worshipper could find peace. But soon Akhenaten died, his new monotheism went out of favour, and his new capital was abandoned and accursed. The Prime Minister was not one to stand out against a popular movement: work on his tomb stopped before the first chamber

was fully dug, and his fine house was left to fall to ruin; he must have gone back to Thebes with the rest; and, as there was plenty of work to be done there restoring the temples of the old religion, we may imagine him, with his name changed again, back at his old business and doing very well!

Another site dug by the Egypt Exploration Society this season proved to be quite unique amongst Egyptian monuments. It was a royal enclosure, at once sanctuary and pleasure-garden, entitled the Precinct of Aten, but clearly given over as much to merry-making as to worship. Round an artificial lake, amidst trees and flower-beds, were buildings mostly small in size, but richly decorated and of very varied uses. There was a sort of home farm, where we found the bodies of cows lying in their stalls, and a kennel full of dead greyhounds; and there were gardeners' houses, and a more important building which contained a royal audience-chamber and numerous cellars full of broken wine-jars—we had started by calling it the "harem," and were much intrigued when we found one cellar walled up and the bones of a small baby inside it! Then there was a miniature temple, a group of three little pavilions set on an island surrounded by a small canal; and a larger hall, most of which was taken up with water-tanks on whose sides above water-line were painted lotus and papyrus blossoms, while round it ran a broad pavement decorated with frescoes of flowering shrubs, wild ducks, and cattle—altogether a very gay and original pleasure-ground. From these buildings, sadly ruined though they were, we recovered a number of fine objects—frescoed panels from the pavement, of which some are illustrated in colour on our double page; portrait heads of King Akhenaten cut in stone for inlay in the temple walls; drums of columns carved with ducks and lotus-buds, or with scenes of the King and his family worshipping the sun; fragments of carved and inscribed stelæ in granite, red sandstone and alabaster; faience tiles from the pavilion walls, and examples of sculpture and architectural decoration from all the stone buildings. All these, together with the many objects found in the ruins of the village and of the main city, are of peculiar interest, for they illustrate that short-



AN EGYPTIAN PRIME MINISTER'S RESIDENCE IN THE
FOURTEENTH CENTURY B.C.: THE GROUND PLAN OF
THE HOUSE OF THE VIZIER NEKHT, EXCAVATED AT
TELL EL-AMARNA.

The following numbers on the plan denote: (1) Entrance Lobby; (2) Antechamber; (3) North Loggia; (4, 5 and 6) Probably Bed-rooms for Guests; (7) Store room; (8) Main Reception-room; (9) West Loggia; (10) Inner Reception-room. The rest of the rooms are described in general terms in the accompanying article.

Illustrations by Courtesy of the Egypt Exploration Society and
Mr. C. Leonard Woolley.

front door, on the stone jambs of which were inscribed the name and titles of the owner. Through a columned lobby and a small second antechamber, one passed into the North Loggia, a long room with a low roof supported by eight wooden columns resting on stone bases, and with big windows looking out over the garden, and open in summer to the cool north winds: the walls were white, except that the door and window-frames were painted with bands of colour; the floor was painted red and yellow. Small rooms opened out of this at either end; to the east were three chambers, probably bed-rooms for guests, and opposite to them a room with cupboards where perhaps was stored the bedding for the guests' use. From the North Loggia three doors led into the main reception-room; the coloured restoration published in this issue shows what it looked like when found and before it fell into ruins.

Four columns upheld the lofty roof, and by these was set a portable hearth or brazier; the raised divan was railed in with a low brick screen; the place for ablutions was a raised platform built of and backed with stone slabs, railed round and having a depression in the centre for the great water-jar, painted red and blue, such as we found in many houses. Of course, the movable furniture had all been carried off when the house was deserted, and we have to imagine the carved and gilded chairs, the X-legged tables, rugs and cushions, which once covered the whitewashed floor; but fallen fragments of plaster enabled us to restore faithfully in the drawing the original blue ceiling, the flower friezes high up on the white walls, and the coloured bands round the door-frames. Better preserved was the niche, or recess, seen in the south wall; its frame was painted crimson and bore a yellow inscription giving the titles of the Premier, and in the middle, on a yellow panel set against the red ground was a picture of the King worshipping the sun's disc and part of the hymn



AT THE "10 DOWNING STREET" OF THE HERETIC PHARAOH'S CITY:
THE INSCRIBED DOOR-JAMB OF THE PRIME MINISTER'S HOUSE.

The name of King Akhenaten's Prime Minister was Nekht. The inscription describes him as "Overseer of Public Works; follower of the creed of the Lord of Two Lands; the Vizier Nekht."

lived phase of Egyptian art when, encouraged by the reformer-King, it to some degree breaks away from its old conventions and attempts freedom and truth to nature.

THE SCENE OF THE NEW "FIND": THE ENTRANCE.

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— THE PLACE OF DISCOVERY: SHOWING (IN THE FOREGROUND) THE WALLED ENTRANCE TO THE NEWLY FOUND ROCK-CHAMBERS UNDER THE PASSAGE (CENTRE) TO THE TOMB OF RAMESSES VI.

The entrance to the funeral chambers of King Tutankhamen, found by the Earl of Carnarvon and Mr. Howard Carter, is between the walls seen at the foot of the photograph. Just above, with a policeman on guard,

is the gateway and underground passage leading to the tomb of Rameses VI. Above that again are native houses, for the custodian and workmen, and the cliffs of the famous Valley of Kings.

THE work of Mr. Lionel Edwards, who holds a high place among sporting artists, is well known to readers of this paper, for a number of his hunting and polo pictures have recently been reproduced in colour in our pages. We are here enabled to give, by the courtesy of the publishers, Messrs. Constable, reproductions of three of his eight delightful colour-plates which form the illustrations to a book of verses entitled "Gallop and Shoes," by Will H. Ogilvie, treating of horses and horsemen of every kind, in sport, travel, war, and so on. A review of the book appears on a later page in this number. The following extracts are from the particular poems illustrated above.

FROM "A WINNING GOAL."

"What though 'twas luck as much as skill that gathered up the pass
Before us lies an open goal and eighty yards of grass.
Now, all ye gods of Hurlingham, come hearken to my call.
Give pace unto the twinkling feet that fly before them all!
Their Back is thwarted on the turn;
their Three's out-thrown and wide;
Their One and Two can scarce get through however hard they ride;
So stretch your neck, my swift Babette, and lay you down at speed,
There's not a flier on the field can rob you of the lead.
The dancing ball runs straight and true, the ground is fast as fire;
To us remains the single stroke to crown our heart's desire.
With purple on their ponies' flanks they close on either side,
But you will keep in front, Babette, whose only spur is pride!"



"WITH PURPLE ON THEIR PONIES' FLANKS THEY CLOSE ON EITHER SIDE,
BUT YOU WILL KEEP IN FRONT, BABETTE, WHOSE ONLY SPUR IS PRIDE!"
A WINNING GOAL.

FROM "THE OPENING RUN"

"The world's full of music. Hounds rustle the rover
Through brushwood and fern to a glad 'Gone away!'—
With a 'Come along, Pilot!'—one spur-touch and over—
The huntsman is clear on his galloping grey;
Before him the pack's running straight on the stubble—
Toot-toot-toot-toot-toot! — 'Tow-
-toot-toot-toot-toot!' —
The leaders are clambering up through the double
And glittering away on the brown of the plough."

FROM "THE PERFECT HAT."

"The Bowler and the Wide-awake,
The Topper and the Straw,
The Homburg and the Helmet
May be hats without a flaw;

But the neatest, sweetest headgear,
Be it e'er so crushed or crude,
Is the Hat upon the Skyline
When a forward fox is viewed.

And when we see it waving there
Against the wintry sky,
We know the leading hounds are right,
And soon a fox shall die.
That holloa on the windy height
That sounds above the gale
Will send them racing o'er the ridge,
And chiming down the vale.
Salute it, then—The Perfect Hat,
However grimed and green—
The Hat upon the Skyline
When our sinking fox is seen.



"WITH A 'COME ALONG, PILOT!' ONE SPUR-TOUCH AND OVER—
THE HUNTSMAN IS CLEAR ON HIS GALLOPING GREY."

THE OPENING RUN.



"AND WHEN WE SEE IT WAVING THERE AGAINST THE WINTRY SKY,
WE KNOW THE LEADING HOUNDS ARE RIGHT, AND SOON A FOX SHALL DIE."

THE PERFECT HAT.

BOOKS OF THE DAY

By J. D. SYMON.

THE Ancient Mariner (and not so very ancient, either) is keeping his end up as a story-teller. Among recent publications I have just read two capital books of sea-yarns which go a good deal deeper into life than the mere tale of adventure. There is a touch of the Conrad manner about them, but they are in no way imitative. One, a long novel, "COMMAND" (Secker; 7s. 6d.), is the work of a novelist from whom we have learned to expect first-class work, William McFee. The other a book of longish short stories, "UNDER SAIL" (Nash and Grayson; 7s. 6d.), is by a writer whose work is new to me—Lincoln Colcord. If this is his first book—no others are mentioned on his title-page—he is a workman of great promise, a romancer worth watching.

Mr. McFee is one of those enviable persons who practise literature as an auxiliary to another profession. Some months ago, a note in the American *Bookman* described Mr. McFee as "the quiet, dignified, hardy engineer—the sailor, the stern observer of life." That review keeps an eye out for this novelist's movements, literary and maritime. It probably expects that one of these days he will appear in its monthly lists of the ten best-sellers in America. He deserves to be there. Perhaps he is held back by his close analysis of character, his fondness for excursions into the abstract. But he's always coming on. When he is in an American port the *Bookman* never fails to record the fact, and recently it persuaded Mr. McFee to show it his engine-room as well as his ship's library. One result of that visit was a cartoon of the novelist-engineer on duty, with his hand on the regulator and his eye on the telegraph.

Besides being a novelist, Mr. McFee is an excellent literary critic. His reply to Mr. Mencken on the "American Language" was one of the best things said upon that subject. He wrote with a scholarly knowledge of the English language and incidentally he exposed so-called spelling reform with a few neat touches. Mr. McFee believes that the term "American Language" is scarcely needed yet "except to indicate a certain peculiar offshoot of written English known as publicity writing." He foresees the day when the "publicity hounds will steal Mr. Mencken's own vigorous style," and then, he surmises, that acute and entertaining censor may be "forced to fall back on the despised English Language to distinguish his own essays from the advertisements."

In his preface to the 1921 edition of his book "An Ocean Tramp," Mr. McFee tells us what the sea means to a man—

The gist of that book [he says] is that the sea is a way of escape from the intolerable burden of life. A cynic once described it as having all the advantages of suicide without any of its inconveniences. To the author it was more than that. It was the means of finding himself in a world, a medium in which he could work out the dreams which beset him, and which were the basis of future writings. But ever at the back of his mind will there be the craving to get out beyond the bar, to see the hard, bright glitter of impersonal land-lights die suddenly in the fresh gusts, and to leave behind the importunate demands of business, of friendship, and of love.

The hero of "Command," Mr. Reginald Spokesly, Chief Officer of the *Tanganyika*, and, later, acting-master of the *Kalkis*, had glimpses of all these longings, if he did not realise them quite completely. Even when he was at sea, he was considerably tormented by the "importunate demands of business, of friendship, and of love"; and so much the better for those who have the pleasure of reading his history, spiritual and material. Yet he was so far like his author that he was always putting allurements behind him. Some of them obstinately took the initiative and refused to let Mr. Spokesly entangle himself, as he fancied at times he desired. After the war, during which he lived at high pressure in the Levant, he was able to see that "money was no longer an adequate gauge of a man's calibre. One had to grow, and that was

another name for suffering." It would appear that he went at last to the West Indies, as harbour-master of a new oiling-station. He had dreamed of command hot and imperious, of love and wealth. Now he was content "to be an integral part of an orderly and reasonable existence, . . . he must have time and quiet to find his bearings and make those necessary affiliations with society without which a man is rootless driftage. He saw that the lines which had hitherto held him to the shore had been spurious and rotten, and had parted at the first tension."

Mr. Spokesly is something of "a card" in the Arnold Bennett sense of the word; a Card of the merchant service. His struggles after efficiency make capital serio-comedy, particularly his efforts to follow the teachings of The London School of Mnemonics. Amid the queer world of Levantine riff-raff (a world

here and there for your eye to combine into a picture. The author of "Under Sail" has no lack of vitality, but he is more careful of harmonies, he is not too energetic to refine his effects. He plies his craft, both steam and sail, in the Atlantic, the South Pacific, and the China Seas. Into the Oriental mind he has an uncanny insight. His portrait of the Chinese merchant, Lee Fu Chang, in the first story, "An Instrument of the Gods," is the subtlest thing I can remember in analysis of the Celestial mind. One of its chief merits is its recognition of the Chinaman's dignity, physical and intellectual. One dare not call Lee Fu a "Chink." He was a great gentleman with a sense of honour the West is too much inclined to consider its own monopoly. And if Lee Fu took violent and unscrupulous means to expose a smiling scoundrel, he did it at the risk of his own life. I am not going

to spoil for readers as good and eerily gripping a short story as it has been my luck to come across for many moons. It is not the best in the book. That is, I think, "Under Sail," which relates the true marriage between a skipper of the old school and his ship. These stories are more than mere cleverness. They look suspiciously like experience transmuted by genius. They do not, like other things of the same *genre*, shout "Kipling" at you. Mr. Lincoln Colcord is nobody's man but his own.

One of his stories, by an odd coincidence, has a very similar *motif* to an episode in Mr. McFee's new book. It is an old *motif*, to be sure, just Shelley's translation from Moschus over again—

Pan loved his neighbour Echo, but
that child
Of Earth and Air pined for the Satyr
leaping;
The Satyr loved with wasting madness
wild
The bright nymph Lyda; and so three
went weeping.

But it is curious to contrast and compare the handling in both cases. Mr. Colcord's last story, "Anjer," the pursuit of an American woman by a man, then the pursuit of that man by a Malay woman, and finally the first woman's turning from the rôle of refusal to that of successful pursuit of the man, should be taken with Mr. Spokesly's pursuit of the Levantine beauty Evanthia Solaris, who pursued the German Lieutenant Lietherthal throughout the Near East.

Mr. McFee's Near Eastern type and Mr. Colcord's American and Far Eastern types of primitive passion make most interesting foils to each other.

The frustration of love has become such a commonplace of the newer fiction that it is a welcome change to find an author with the courage to write a really happy love-story, such as the author of "Elizabeth and her German Garden" has given us in her new book, "THE ENCHANTED APRIL" (Macmillan; 7s. 6d.). At first the author is so far modern as to introduce us to two unhappy wives, Mrs. Wilkins and Mrs. Arbutnot of Hampstead, unhappy in spite of, or rather because of, the excellence of their husbands. Bored with matrimony, these two good ladies surreptitiously break in upon their nest-egg and rent a mediæval castle in Italy for an independent April holiday. They advertise for two other women to join them, and one trembles for the result. But never, surely, was there so enchanting an April errand. Nor was the Eden Adamless for long! The author has recovered that delicious touch of comedy which she seemed to have denied herself in "Vera." The situation rapidly develops into a sort of imbroglia. But it is an

imbroglia of gossamer, sparkling with the dew of dawn, and the happy flies caught in that web make their escape without a struggle merely by yielding themselves to beneficent Fortune and following their natural bent. The situations are exquisite, and the book keeps one in a diffused ripple of enjoyment from beginning to end. Sentimental, yes; but of the right firm sort, and how good it tasted after so much solemn pessimism!



OF "SCARLET PIMPERNEL" FAME: BARONESS ORCZY, THE WELL-KNOWN NOVELIST, AT HER VILLA BIJOU, AT MONTE CARLO.

of which Mr. Buchan has given us glimpses) Mr. Spokesly moves from adventure to adventure with the puzzled wonder of a child waking up to its surroundings. He is a most likable being, a cloudy philosopher who can show grit at a pinch, although it is never the sort of regardless masterfulness that lands a man in high places. But even as Spokesly departs to his harbour master's routine job, one seems to feel that he is on the way, like his creator, "to get out



THE AUTHOR OF "BLOOD AND SAND" AND "THE FOUR HORSEMEN OF THE APOCALYPSE": SEÑOR IBÁÑEZ AT HIS VILLA FONTANA ROSA, MENTONE.

Baroness Orczy has written many other stories and plays besides "The Scarlet Pimpernel," which is famous in both forms. Señor Vicente Blasco Ibañez, the Spanish novelist, has had world-wide success with his novels, in book form, on the stage, and on the films. Two more of his books have recently appeared in English—"The Mayflower" (Flor de Mayo), and "The Enemies of Women."—[Photographs by Navello, Beausoleil.]

beyond the bar." McFee himself is still feeling his way towards a bigger statement of his sea philosophy, a still finer realisation of his sea-dreams. One day we shall have it. He has plenty of power in hand. McFee's engines are not yet full steam ahead.

Lincoln Colcord is less dynamic, more of the finished artist in the older way. McFee's method is somewhat Futuristic, great splashes of colour flung

CONSCRIPTION FOR WORK, NOT WAR—MEN AT

PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY

20; GIRLS AT 16: BULGARIA'S LABOUR ARMY.

DR. KONST. KATZAROFF, SOFIA.



THE RAILWAY SECTION OF THE BULGARIAN LABOUR ARMY: CONSCRIPTS AT WORK LEVELLING THE TRACK IN A NEW CUTTING.



WOMEN CONSCRIPTS OF THE BULGARIAN LABOUR ARMY: A GROUP OF GIRLS EMPLOYED IN A PRINTING OFFICE UNDER THE GOVERNMENT.



THE FOOD-PRODUCTION BRANCH OF THE BULGARIAN LABOUR ARMY: MEN SET TO WORK ON FISHERIES—HAULING NETS.



THE HARBOUR-IMPROVEMENT SECTION OF THE BULGARIAN LABOUR ARMY: WIDENING AN OPEN SPACE AT THE PORT OF VAMNA.



THE TAILORING DEPARTMENT OF THE BULGARIAN LABOUR ARMY: MEN EMPLOYED IN MAKING CLOTHES AT A FACTORY.



THE HARBOUR-IMPROVEMENT SECTION OF THE BULGARIAN LABOUR ARMY: WIDENING AN OPEN SPACE AT THE PORT OF VAMNA.



THE HARBOUR-IMPROVEMENT SECTION OF THE BULGARIAN LABOUR ARMY: WIDENING AN OPEN SPACE AT THE PORT OF VAMNA.



THE HARBOUR-IMPROVEMENT SECTION OF THE BULGARIAN LABOUR ARMY: WIDENING AN OPEN SPACE AT THE PORT OF VAMNA.



THE FOOD-PRODUCTION BRANCH OF THE BULGARIAN LABOUR ARMY: MEN AT WORK AT A BAKERY—TAKING OUT A BATCH OF LOAVES.



THE RAILWAY SECTION OF THE BULGARIAN LABOUR ARMY: A GANG OF MEN AT WORK PREPARING THE GROUND ON THE SITE OF A NEW STATION.

Several events have conspired to bring Bulgaria into prominence of late. While at the Lausanne Conference the genial personality of the Bulgarian delegate, M. Stambulinski, and his friendliness with M. Venizelos, hastened the prospect of an amicable settlement with Greece regarding a Bulgarian port in Western Thrace (namely, Dedeağaç), in Bulgaria itself there have been disturbances and political assassinations. It was reported on December 7 that three Bulgarian ex-Premiers, MM. Danef, Guechoff, and Malinoff, had been murdered at Shumen. There was also, a revolt recently in the south-west part of Bulgaria, led by Macedonians, who seized the town of Kustendil, some 45 miles from Sofia. Martial law was declared in Sofia on December 5, but the rising turned out to be less serious than was supposed, and Kustendil was reoccupied by Government troops. Our photographs illustrate a new administrative experiment in

Bulgaria—the first of its kind—which is of great international interest. This is the application of conscription to employment. "It has nothing in common," writes a correspondent, "with the compulsory labour introduced by the Communists in Russia, but simply substitutes for the army of war an army of peace and economic productiveness. Just as formerly all Bulgarians between 20 and 50 had to do military service, so now all such, of both sexes, have to work for the State for 6–12 months. The young men after completing twenty years of age, and the girls after completing sixteen years, are obliged to serve as labourers. Roads, bridges, and railways are built, and forests, farms, mines, quarries, and other industries carried on by this obligatory labour." The institution is said to have produced very good results, both financially and educationally.

The World of Women

THE QUEEN has been shopping at Harrods, as a gratified saleswoman remarked, "Just like anybody else." Correcting herself, she added, "No, much nicer than most ladies, for everything I showed, whether the Queen liked it or not, she said 'Thank you.'" Good manners exist at the top, and I find them existing also at the bottom, for working men and women are usually most courteous in their own way. Where they do not exist is among the working girls—typists, apprentices, and clerks; also among the boys of the same class; and those are worst who have emerged since the war. Their idea seems to be that showing an absolute lack of manners is a way of establishing perfect equality. Consequently, Jill, by way of proving that she is quite as good as her mistress, proves that she is not anything of the kind.

Lord Plunket's family supported him in great strength at his marriage with pretty Mrs. Jack Barnato. His mother, Lady Victoria Braithwaite, was there; also his grandmother, the Dowager Marchioness of Dufferin and Ava. These ladies are, I am told, delighted with the new addition to the family. Lord and Lady Plunket are a very handsome young couple, and their looks belie them if they are not also happy. It is a suitable match, too, from the standpoint of the bridegroom's rank and the bride's riches; but Lord Plunket is not a poor man, and it is a love match—quite a nice thing in these prosaic days. There was more than a touch of romance about the wedding in the pretty church of the village of Denham. Women are glad that romance is not dead yet—merely convalescing from a period of eclipse by war, followed by a rest cure.

"Terrible punishment for Prince Andrew of Greece." That is what I read as head-lines. To me it seemed that banishment from Greece just now was a blessing not even in disguise, but open and displayed. Prince and Princess Andrew and their four daughters will live in England, which is the refuge of so many royal personages. Princess Andrew is sister to the Marquess of Milford Haven. Neither she nor the Prince has much money; both are said to have good brains, and to intend to use them to earn money.

Princess Andrew has a pretty talent in dress-designing, and will probably take it up as a profession. Her sister-in-law, Lady Louis Mountbatten, is said to be the richest heiress in England, and, being a real good sort, will doubtless help all she can.

The Empress Marie Feodorovna's visit to Queen Alexandra will give their Majesties great pleasure. The royal and imperial sisters always had much in common, and in common built them a charming villa at Helsingfors, where it was their intention to spend many summers together. However, when even Queens propose, God disposes; their summers there were only one or two after the villa was completed and furnished. Queen Alexandra is now obliged to be very careful; she is older than the Empress, who at seventy-five is still very alert and vigorous. Our own Queen-Mother is well, but pulmonary weaknesses demand the greatest care. There are now in London three Queens and an Empress. The Queen of Norway made a stay at Buckingham Palace while in town. Queen Alexandra's birthday was quietly celebrated, all the near members of her family taking part, and her grandson the Prince of Wales being one of the first to see her Majesty and present his offerings and congratulations.

A discussion in print as to the morals, manners, and health of our girls leads to little. The woman doctor who says they wear themselves out by the life they lead judges, apparently, by just a few. Men defending them judge, again, from a limited point of view. All modern life moves swiftly, and girls with it. That chaperons are out of fashion no one regrets—least of all the chaperons. If a girl wants to kick over conventional traces, no chaperon will stop her. One hears that dances at hotels are preferred to those at private houses because boys can get cocktails for their partners. This is a distinct libel; girls could not carry on as they do, with most of their time strenuously occupied, if they took many cocktails at dances. Americans deserve to go dry for having introduced the cocktail to our young people, for it is a seductive drink. All the same, girls love dancing and dances wherever they take place. They smoke cigarettes, but seldom to excess. Of late it has been noticed of many girls that they are grateful for quiet times, and scheme to get them. As to their morals, they are far better for the all-year-round open-air sports they indulge in than when they read problem novels in hot, stuffy rooms. *Au fond*, girls are far nicer now than they were ten years ago, and are much healthier too, without doubt.

The tiara is a much-derided ornament, yet it is a characteristic one of British great ladies, and it is worn by eight out of ten of them with dignity and imposing effect. Almost every woman at State functions wears one. It is these, perhaps, and the robes and coronets of Peers at the Opening of Parliament that make the Labour gentleman's "blood boil." Well, he probably lives quite comfortably—well fed and well clothed; and it is open to him to go on and prosper, and buy his wife a tiara, and then his blood will boil again—with pride, not indignation.

The Russian Red Cross Sale at Chesham House last week—it went on for the whole six days—had its tragic side. The work was all done by refugees. A lady in black would come up to a stall. The Russian ladies behind it would curtsy, and the Russian men helping to sell would bend and kiss her hand. She was the only sister of the late Tsar. With her was a tall and very handsome girl, so young that tragedy had shadowed her eyes less than it had her mother's. She was Princess Youssouppoff, whose husband was assassinated four years ago. Many Russian Princesses were present, most of whom had effected escape with little but their lives.

What is going to become of the women in the depth of winter who are now enveloped in furs from head to foot? They cannot get any warmer furs for later, and those they have now are worn at bazaars, at-homes, weddings, and church on Sundays. Men, wise like, take off their overcoats directly they get indoors, and resort to their protection when going out. The best thing to do is to have fur capes or neck scarves or stoles for mid-season, and carry them over the arm indoors. There is always a warm rug in the car when it is entered. About long fur coats worn indoors there is a stuffy, uncomfortable look that even long and substantial mantles or coats of other material do not have. A fur coat that is practically lived in for the winter should by rights be burned in the spring.

Fog is a fiend for whom no one can say a good word. Its recent vagaries have been trying. One day it was black overhead, obscuring every gleam of daylight. Another day it was piebald; one walked in and out of it. Again, it was moist and clammy. Optimists declare that fog is quite healthy. If so, most people prefer to do without the health so imparted and live in clear atmosphere. If it were only for the soiling of one's clothes, especially fur and feathers, it would be an unwelcome visitor. Many fastidious women after a foggy day go over their furs with a clean cloth slightly damp. The complexion of that cloth when its task is done is like that of what an Irish maid called a "haythen naygro." What, therefore, is the complexion of our lungs? A. E. L.



A TRIO OF AQUASCUTUM GARMENTS.

The coat and skirt on the left is of tan-coloured pure wool proofed Aquascutum. It is both light and warm. A motoring coat of cinnamon-brown suede and hat of the same material are worn by the central figure, both decorated by double rows of stitching round all the seams. The travelling coat on the extreme right is of eider fleece, with a large adaptable collar, and sleeves with specially deep armholes—for extra comfort.

CHRISTMAS GIFTS of HIGHEST QUALITY and BEST VALUE ~ CATALOGUES POST FREE

PRINCE'S PLATE

Lasts a Lifetime



20118. Mappin Plate Fruit or Cake Dish.
Diameter 9 in. ... £1 15 0



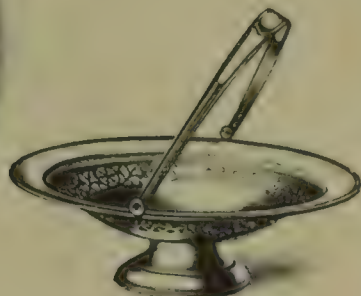
20115. Mappin Plate Egg Frame and Spoons.
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2744. Case of 6 Prince's Plate Tea Spoons and Tongs, Georgian pattern, illustrated above ... £3 16 0
12 Tea Spoons and Tongs in Case ... £1 10 0



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In "Rat Tail" or "Orleans" patterns, illustrated above.



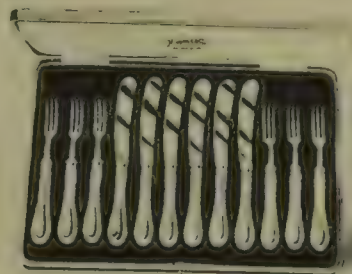
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Table Spoons or Forks ... per doz.	£ 15 0	£ 15 0	£ 15 0	£ 15 0	£ 15 0
Soup Spoons	2 15 0	2 5 0	3 0 0	2 12 6	3 5 0
Dessert Spoons or Forks	2 15 0	2 5 0	3 0 0	2 12 6	3 5 0
Porridge Spoons	2 2 0	1 16 0	2 5 0	1 18 6	2 7 6
Tea Spoons... ..	2 2 0	1 16 0	2 5 0	1 18 6	2 7 6
	1 1 0	1 0 0	1 2 0	1 1 0	1 5 0



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LONDON.

CARIBOU AND AEROPLANES.

By C. G. GREY, Editor of "The Aeroplane."

SOME months ago considerable agitation was caused not only in British North American papers, but also in the English Press, by the statement that it was proposed to hunt the great caribou herds which live inside the Arctic Circle in Canada by means of aeroplanes. The general idea seemed to be that fleets of aeroplanes armed with machine-guns would go out and slaughter caribou for fun. The real scheme underlying the proposal was that the great caribou herds should be located by aeroplane scouts, and, if possible, herded in certain directions whence the carcasses of judiciously slaughtered animals could be transported to add to the food supply of Canada.

Apparently, the scheme has been dropped—or, at any rate, nothing has been heard of it since the discussion to which reference has been made. Now, however, the connection between the caribou and aeroplanes has cropped up again in a different direction—namely, in Newfoundland, where the particular species known as the Newfoundland caribou is of such importance that the animal's head is the national emblem of the country, as is shown by its postage-

others suggest that the deer are divided into two main groups—those which live in the north of the island during the summer and trek in the winter to the centre, and those that live in the centre and trek to the south. Apparently, the supporters of this theory have not tried to explain how those from the north live in the winter in the centre of the country on ground which may presumably have been well eaten off during the summer by the southern group.

At any rate, the fact remains that the caribou herds do migrate, and habitually cross Newfoundland's one trans-insular railway in the process of migration. In the past, so-called sportsmen were in the habit of sitting by the railway and shooting the deer as they crossed over it in the process of migration. As a result, the legislation for the preservation of the caribou, to which reference has already been made, includes the imposition of a protected area along the railway track.

When the mystery of the migration of the caribou is solved, then obviously it will be possible to take more adequate steps for their preservation, seeing that, so

wide as one of our English main roads. Regular aerial patrols following these tracks into the interior should make it possible to locate the main herds at different times of the year, and so it should be easy to define clearly the movements of the herds. Thus the Government should be able to lay down as protected areas the particular districts to which the herds migrate from time to time. Also, when once these areas have been located, occasional aeroplane patrols would make it possible to tell with something like accuracy whether any poaching was in progress. A poacher might hide himself and his gun fairly easily, but it would be less easy to hide slaughtered animals, and the mere fact that patrols might be expected at any moment would make poaching a very precarious game.

Naturally, the expense of making a complete survey of Newfoundland solely for the purpose of observing the movements of caribou would be too great to be justifiable; but, in combination with the other activities of the Aerial Survey Company, it would certainly be well worth while. Captain Cotton has already done quite a considerable amount



SOLVING BY AEROPLANE THE MYSTERY OF CARIBOU MIGRATION IN NEWFOUNDLAND: AN AIR PHOTOGRAPH AT 3000 FEET, SHOWING CARIBOU TRACKS ACROSS THE UNMAPPED INTERIOR.

The numbers on the photograph indicate—(1) Tracks of caribou; (2) Rock; (3) Main caribou track; (4) Marsh moss covered with snow; (5) and (6) Scrub; (7) Rock; (8) Ponds. The tracks, being thus clearly visible from 3000 feet, must be almost as wide as roads. The object of the suggested aerial survey is to enable the Newfoundland Government to protect the herds against depletion by uncontrolled shooting.—[Photograph by Captain S. Cotton. Copyright by the Aerial Survey Company of Newfoundland.]

stamps and by the fact that the Newfoundland Regiment in the recent war fought under that emblem.

It has been alleged that of late the caribou herds in Newfoundland are decreasing in numbers owing to the uncontrolled shooting of these animals. Legislation has now been introduced which limits the number of head for one gun to four in a year, and sportsmen have to take out a special license to shoot caribou.

The curious thing about the Newfoundland caribou is that while, like their Canadian relatives, they are migratory, and are sometimes seen in great numbers making their annual trek, nobody has yet discovered whither or whence they actually migrate. There is no doubt that on these occasions they follow the same tracks year after year, and that some of these tracks have become a permanent pathway through the country, but the ends of those tracks have never been located.

There are various theories relating to the movements of the caribou during their annual treks. Some authorities believe that the deer which live in the north in the summer trek to the south in the winter; and

long as their movements are untraceable, it is impossible to protect them in the course of their wanderings into the species of No-Man's-Land which, judging by the only maps so far produced, includes a very high percentage of the surface of the island. The understanding of these mysterious movements seems to depend on aerial observation, as is shown by photographs taken recently by Captain Sidney Cotton, of the Aerial Survey Company, whose seal-spotting adventures last winter and this winter are already well known.

In the course of some experimental aerial survey work in the hitherto unmapped interior of Newfoundland, the photographs showed quite distinctly regular routes through the scrub and fresh moss which covers such an enormous area of the country.

The photograph which appears herewith was taken at a height of 3000 feet, and therefore does not show actual details of these tracks; but it will be seen that the tracks themselves are perfectly clear, and, being taken from such a height, they must, in fact, be of something like the dimensions of an ordinary country road, though not, perhaps, as

of geographical survey in Newfoundland, and negotiations are now in hand for more detailed surveys on the lines already adopted in Canada by such firms as the Laurentide Air Service and by the Canadian Air Board's own Aerial Survey Section. This work includes the location and valuation of timber limits, information concerning water-courses and resultant water-power, geological and agricultural data, and so forth.

The general ignorance of Newfoundland's resources in these matters may be gauged by the blankness of the maps of Newfoundland, and there is no doubt that in acquiring information on the various subjects indicated there is a great future for truly commercial aviation of a kind which is, in fact, much more commercial than is running air lines all over Europe for the benefit of rich North and South Americans, to whom these long-distance air jaunts are, in fact, only "joy-rides." During the last two or three years many writers and lecturers on commercial aviation have suggested that the true use of such aviation is rather in the British Dominions than at home, and the foregoing notes would appear to justify the assumption.

MONTE CARLO: WHERE SPRING REIGNS ETERNALLY.



A CHIEF ATTRACTION OF MONTE CARLO: THE SEA-FRONT TERRACES, FASHION'S RENDEZVOUS IN THE EARLY MORNINGS.



THE FAMOUS THEATRE AT MONTE CARLO, SO WELL KNOWN TO HABITUÉS OF THIS FASHIONABLE RESORT.

Monte Carlo is now as easy to reach as our British resorts. Through trains are run daily by the S.E. and C. Ry., from Victoria. Every taste in amusement may be gratified. The finest artistes, of international reputation, may be heard in opera under the able direction of M. R. Gunsbourg. Concerts and *symphoniques* are given every day, directed by MM. Léon Jehin, G. Lauweryns and Maestro Louis Ganne. Lighter entertainment, in the shape of operettes, light comedies, the Russian ballet, and opera ballets are likewise a feature of the many distractions Monte Carlo affords; while there is always dancing for the worshippers of Terpsichore.



MONTE CARLO: NESTLING UNDER THE SHELTER OF THE ALPS, AND BORDERED BY THE MEDITERRANEAN.

Monte Carlo is replete with the best hotels on the Riviera. Foremost among them is the "Hôtel de Paris," communicating with the famous Casino by a covered way. A similar means of communication exists between the hotel and the Sporting Club. Monte Carlo also has its thermal establishment for those requiring a "cure." It is under the direction of a medical specialist, and is unique of its kind. For the motoring visitor there is the "Auto Riviera," the largest and one of the best-managed garages in the world. Over the "Auto Riviera" are the La Festa tennis courts, where some of the world's finest players compete.



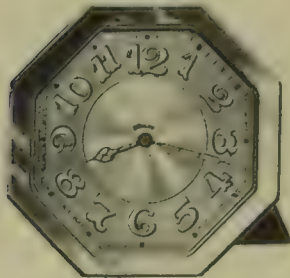
ANOTHER ATTRACTION OF LIFE IN MONTE CARLO: MOUNT AGEL'S FAMOUS 18-HOLE GOLF COURSE.



THE BEAUTIFUL SUB-TROPICAL GARDENS AT MONTE CARLO, KNOWN AS "LA PETITE AFRIQUE."

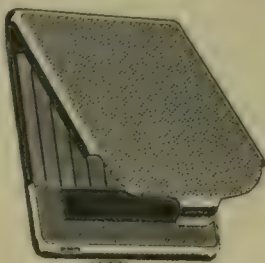
Christmas in the Shops.

THERE is a special pleasure in visiting Messrs. J. C. Vickery's delightful salons in Regent Street about Christmas time, because there are assembled the most varied and beautiful, best and newest, things of the gift world. We all hope for good luck in the coming year. There can be no more graceful and acceptable way of indicating that we desire it for our friends than giving them a brooch or a lace-pin or other device in Vickery's moonstone and pearl and other precious-stone jewellery. The lucky spider thus portrayed is very fascinating. For either man or woman friend one of the new 'tear-off' gold or silver match-boxes makes a gift sure of its reward in gratitude, and a reminder of friendship for many a moon. These neat little boxes are plain or engine-turned gold or silver. Then for organisers of shoots there is a new shaped silver case containing ten new shaped slips for drawing for places at shoots, and thus saving all heart-burning about a host's choice if a guest happens to be apportioned an indifferent stand. Clocks when novel in shape, as is one with a wide gilt rim and octagonal, are presents valued for boudoir or study or bed-room. These have luminous hands and figures, and are useful day or night. There are at Vickery's many charming writing-table equipments in onyx and in quartz. These are appreciated because they are so strong and so easily kept clean and in order, while they are distinctly handsome. Hand-bags are ever welcome, and of these there is great variety, some very luxurious and lovely, others thoroughly practical yet very sightly and good to look at, and novel in shape and material. Fitted baskets for the boudoir, to hold fancy work,



"TIMELY" AND NOVEL: AN OCTAGONAL CLOCK.
(Messrs. J. C. Vickery).

with equipments for it, and for the garden, fitted with implements, are valued gifts. Should so prosaic a thing as an umbrella or walking-stick be desired, those at Vickery's are so handsome and distinctive that they are treasured possessions quite lifted out of the realms of general utility, save that they are thoroughly useful. The Christmas illustrated list produced by this firm is well worth writing for as a complete guide to gifts.



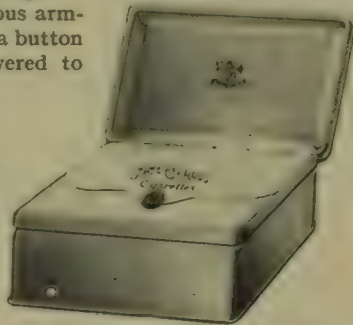
A "TEAR-OFF" MATCH-BOX, IN GOLD OR SILVER.
(Messrs. J. C. Vickery).

Those whose ideas trend towards the giving of cigars at Christmas will appreciate a new manner of packing, known as the "Air Vertical." The cigars, instead of being packed flat and squeezed out of shape, as they may be in the ordinary box, are packed in a cylindrical container of cedar-wood. Into this the cigars, while still "green," are slipped. Each cigar is allowed reasonable elbow-room, and retains the natural shape imparted to it on the maker's table. As none but the best Havanas are vertically packed in this way, a box forms a doubly attractive and seasonable gift.

There are cigarettes and cigarettes, as every smoker knows—often by bitter experience. The name of State Express on the cigarette is a guarantee that all is well with the product thus hall-marked. No gift more likely to be appreciated by the cigarette smoker can be imagined than a State Express "Golden Casket," which contains 150 cigarettes of this justly-esteemed brand. Whether Turkish, Egyptian, or the more popular Virginian blend be selected, the choice is unexceptionable.

Rest is what everyone wants in these strenuous days; not only those who have to endure temporary or lasting handicaps, but also those who live hardily

and whose hours of rest are limited. J. Foot and Son, 171, New Bond Street, have evolved the perfect chair. It is called the Burlington. To all intents it is an absolutely delightful specimen of a luxurious arm-chair. By pressure on a button the back can be lowered to the most comfortable position, or can be converted into a full-length couch. The upholstery is on an improved principle, with soft, elastic edges, giving the greatest feeling of luxury and ease. Should anyone be the victim of an accident, this wonderful chair has sides which let down on touching a spring, so that the occupant can be easily moved from bed to chair and vice-versa. The mechanism is quite easily manipulated by the occupant. There are side head-rests and an adjustable head-pillow. Accessories are an adjustable reading-desk and table, a flat front table and a circular electric-light stand, also useful for drink and cigars or cigarettes. This would be a real king among Christmas presents, and J. Foot and Son have reduced all their prices by 10 per cent. Another most useful gift is the Adapta bed-table. It is perfect for breakfast in bed, also serves as a most comfortable bed-rest, and makes a practical and excellent music-stand; or it will serve as a sewing-table or card-table—a truly accommodating and handsome present.



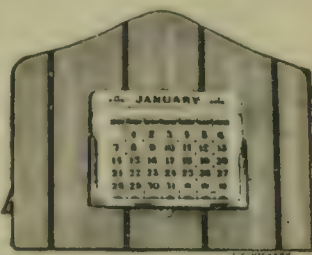
A GOLDEN CASKET OF "STATE EXPRESS" CIGARETTES.



A NEW TYPE OF CIGAR-BOX: THE "AIR VERTICAL."



THE ACME OF COMFORT FOR INVALIDS AND OTHERS: THE BURLINGTON CHAIR.
(Messrs. J. Foot and Son).



A GIFT THAT IS REMEMBERED ALL THE YEAR ROUND: A CALENDAR.
(Messrs. J. C. Vickery).

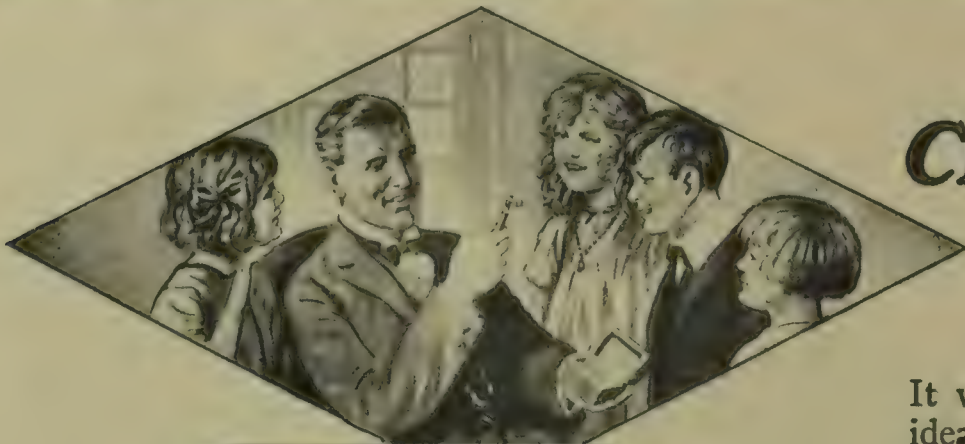
Dad's Christmas Present

How one family solved the problem.

It was little Jacky who hit upon the happy idea which solved our biggest Christmas problem.

"Why not, Mother, give Dad a happy surprise and buy him one of those beautiful New Improved Gillette Safety Razors?"

Mother did, and Dad was delighted, and now Jacky looks forward to the time when he will be a big man and have one for himself.



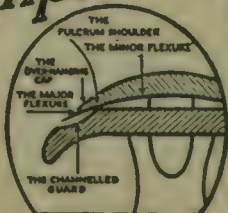
NOW 21/-

NEW STANDARD (as illustrated). Triple silver-plated New Improved Gillette Safety Razor. Metal Box containing 12 double-edge Gillette Blades (24 shaving edges) in Genuine Leather Case, purple velvet and satin lined—

21/-

Also Gold Plated 25/-

The New Improved



Gillette
Safety Razor
KNOWN THE WORLD OVER

NO STROPPING. NO HONING.

Sold by Cutlers, Stores, Ironmongers, Hairdressers, Chemists and Jewellers throughout the country.

Gillette Blades. In packets of 12 (24 shaving edges)—Reduced price 4/6
In packets of 6 (12 shaving edges)—Reduced price 2/3



“BLACK & WHITE”

is of the highest standard of quality both at Home and Abroad.

James Buchanan & Co., Ltd., are enabled to maintain this, owing to their holding with their Associated Companies, the Largest Stocks of fine old matured Scotch Malt Whiskies.

(Continued.)

Presents that are always welcome are handkerchiefs, and Robinson and Cleaver's great house in Regent Street is where to secure the best value and the greatest choice. Thousands of handkerchiefs are there shown. Among the most popular are those with a hand-embroidered initial. Those for ladies are sold from 10s. 6d. a dozen to 29s. 6d.; and those for men, similarly embroidered, are from 17s. 11d. to 35s. 6d., every one wonderful value.

Comfort and Carter's are not only alliterative but synonymous. At Carter's fine big show-rooms, at the corner of New Cavendish Street, can be seen innumerable clever devices to promote the ease and comfort, not alone of the sick or disabled, but also of those in

A CHARMING GIFT: HANDKERCHIEFS FROM ROBINSON AND CLEAVER'S.

normal health, merely tired with the strenuous life of to-day. Carter's adjustable and luxurious chairs are gifts inspiring real gratitude. Then there are literary machines, really the last words in reading-stands, holding book or paper at exactly the right angle and distance, which make splendid presents for book-lovers. Breakfast in bed is

often a necessity, and is now frequently ordered by doctors at weekly intervals to relieve the strain of work. Carter's have adjustable tables that extend over the bed so that the meal can be served in perfect comfort. These can be used for other purposes, being very handy and adaptable. If anyone is disabled,



AN IDEAL GIFT TO AN INVALID: THE CARBEK BED-TABLE. (MESSRS. CARTER.)

what a blessing of a present would be one of Carter's electrically-propelled bath-chairs, which can be driven by anyone, and can have its battery recharged from the ordinary electric main! The cost of maintenance of this chair is very low. Children, too, are catered for at Carter's, not only in beautiful and luxurious prams for themselves, but also for their dollies.

There is a sentiment about Christmas presents which, if properly regarded, makes them thrice valued. They must be what is wanted, of the best of their kind, and in



PERFUME FOR THE FAIR: "MA ROSE"—BY ERASMIC, PARIS.

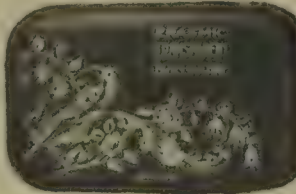
So vast are opportunities acquiring the heart's desire in gifts that confinement to the one department of fitted bags is the wisdom of the wise. Harrods make their own, and consequently they are of highest excellence. Also, they sell so many that the value offered is quite astonishing. A



AN ERASMIC SPECIALITY: SOLIDIFIED DENTIFRICE.

The perfumes and the toilet preparations of Erasmic fulfil all these requirements. The Erasmic series of perfumes—"Chypre," "Si Belle," and "De Lui"—are the newest. To go with the perfumes are beautiful soaps, scented to correspond. Such a gift can be accompanied by Talcum powder in a Japanese enamelled container, and will make a doubly acceptable gift. It is easy to obtain Erasmic perfumes, soap and preparations. They are sold at all chemists, and stores.

A name to conjure up charm and pleasure at Christmas time is Harrods. In that great house for ac-



IN MOST CONVENIENT FORM: ERASMIC TRANSPARENT BRILLIANTINE.

girl's or woman's joy in her first fitted travelling-bag is a red-letter occasion in her life. Imagine an 18-in. real morocco, hand-sewn, hand-made case, fitted in plain silver with brushes, bottles, blotter, manicure instruments, hand-glass, and the interior lined with moiré, for £22 10s. It can be had in blue, lined with grey or other



IN REAL MOROCCO—AND CHEAP AT £22 10s.: A DRESSING-CASE BY HARRODS.

effective combination. With one hair-brush and one clothes-brush, and four bottles, a purple morocco case can be purchased, fitted with silver and lined with grey silk, 18 in. in length, at £14 10s.; while a similar case, 16 in. long, costs £12 12s. There are different colours of morocco and lining to choose from, the brushes are good, and the lock excellent. These are cases fit to go to any house or hotel. A man's case in hide, lined with leather and having a lined pocket for shirts in the lid, 26 in. long, fitted with ebony and nickel-topped bottles, etc., also a reliable safety razor, costs £13 10s. Another case, roll-up, with ebony and nickel fittings and safety razor, is only £3 15s. It is an ideal and very excellent-value Christmas gift. A lady's roll-up case, with ebony and nickel fittings, can be purchased for 52s. 6d.; and for 4 guineas a really complete one, with ebony and nickel fittings, in real morocco, lined with moiré silkette. Fitted attaché cases are in favour, and one, well fitted, 16 in. long, is sold for £4 19s. 6d.; a similar one, 18 in., for £5 15s. 6d. These examples cover only a very small part of the field, thoroughly explored by Harrods, in fitted bags.



FITTED WITH SILVER AND LINED WITH GREY SILK: A HARRODS DRESSING-CASE, AT £14 10s.

Barker & Dobson

VIKING

CHOCOLATES

ASSORTED

Sold in ½-lb., 1-lb., and 2-lb. boxes at 2/6, 5/-, and 10/- per box, and by weight at 1/3 per ½-lb.



The best of everything at Christmas

Good chocolates are as necessary as holly to the proper Christmas atmosphere. You can't get more delicious chocolates than "Viking" Assorted, and it is true economy to buy them, because they are pure and wholesome and the best possible value.

Therefore you will actually save by enjoying "Viking" Chocolates at Christmas.

Refuse disappointing substitutes.

BARKER &
DOBSON, Ltd.,
LIVERPOOL & LONDON.



Pat Williamson

THIS charming little maiden was one of the successful competitors in the *Daily Mirror* Beauty Competition.

Her father and mother say that she has had "Ovaltine" from an early age, and that it contributed largely to her present state of perfect health.

Your children, too, should have "Ovaltine" as their daily beverage. It builds up sturdy bodies, sound nerves and alert minds. It imparts the beauty which comes from glowing health.

This delicious food beverage is super-nourishment in an easily digested form. The food elements are balanced in just the proportions necessary for a growing child.

Prepared from Nature's Tonic Foods—ripe barley malt, creamy milk and fresh eggs—one cup of "Ovaltine" supplies more nourishment than 12 cups of beef extract, 7 cups of cocoa or 3 eggs.

OVALTINE

TONIC FOOD BEVERAGE

Builds-up Brain, Nerve and Body

Sold by all Chemists and Stores throughout the British Empire.
Prices in Great Britain, 1/6, 2/6 and 4/6 per tin.

A. WANDER, Ltd., 45, Cowcross Street, London, E.C.1

Works: King's Langley.

P. 190



THE WORLD OF MUSIC.

OUR DUTY TO OUR OWN CLASSICS.

IN 1871 Verdi was invited to become director of the famous Conservatoire of Naples. He refused; but he wrote a letter to the governors, in which he sketched the principles on which he considered that the institution ought to be directed. It was in this letter that he uttered that phrase which has become classic, "*Tornate all'antico, e sarà un progresso*" (return to the old ways, and it will be a step forward). "Saturate yourselves with Palestrina and Marcello," he said; "practise fugue until you are complete master of it; then lay your hand on your heart and write as you feel." It was a long time before Verdi's wise words were taken to account by the younger generation in Italy; but we can see now that both in Italy and in other countries young musicians are all taking up the cry of "*Tornate all'antico*." Not that they are deliberately composing in an archaic style; that was not what Verdi meant, and the young composers are not so stupid as to misunderstand him. When Verdi named Palestrina and Marcello, he meant those two names to stand—the first for skill in the handling of notes; the second, for noble and expressive treatment of the Italian language. In Germany musicians are going back to Bach and Mozart; in France to Lully and Rameau. In England we have realised that we must go back to Byrd and Purcell. They correspond with singular felicity to Verdi's heroes of the past. Byrd was Palestrina's contemporary; and there are many learned musicians who would say (especially as we are to celebrate his tercentenary next year) that he was even greater than his famous Italian rival. Purcell was a generation senior to Marcello, and there can be no doubt that the Englishman in this case was the superior of the Italian. For noble and expressive treatment of the English language, Purcell is unequalled, except perhaps by Hubert Parry.

When Purcell died in 1695, England gradually sank lower and lower in the world's estimation as a musical country. It is to Hubert Parry, more than to anyone else, that we owe that "Renaissance," as it has been called, in English music of which we can now see the brilliant fruits. The work which marked the definite beginning of that renaissance was Parry's "*Prometheus Unbound*," produced at the Gloucester Festival of 1880. It is interesting to note that this event was practically contemporary with the revival of interest in Purcell. Purcell's music had never been quite forgotten in England. There are several airs of Purcell in "*The Beggar's Opera*"; a few songs became permanent national classics—"Britons, strike home," "Full fathom five," and "Come unto these

yellow sands." In the cathedrals, Purcell's memory was still, to some extent, kept alive, though to certain ecclesiastical temperaments his sacred music was too cheerful to be consistent with piety. At last, in 1876, a small band of enthusiasts formed a society to be called The Purcell Society, the objects of which were the printing and performance of Purcell's works. The promoters of the undertaking had before them the example of the Leipzig Bach Society and the

ebb. It was a matter of long patience to discover the lost manuscripts, some of which were brought to light in the most unexpected places. The labour of transcribing and collating them was severe. But the Purcell Society found an ideal secretary in the person of Mr. Barclay Squire, of the British Museum; and during the last five-and-twenty years he has borne the chief burden of the Society's labours. One by one the huge volumes have appeared, and few people who have not had actual experience of musical research work would understand the enormous amount of learning and industry that has been expended upon them, and expended in all cases without any remuneration beyond the reward of virtue.

Some ten or twelve volumes of the collection still remain to be printed. The war has confronted the Purcell Society with new difficulties. The price of paper and printing has increased heavily; people who subscribed willingly in old days are hesitating as to whether they can afford to continue their subscription. Many of the original subscribers are dead; the German libraries which accounted for several copies before the war are now utterly unable to buy volumes at the price of English guineas. Even the work of editing can no longer be done so willingly; modern conditions of life leave scholars little time for work which is unpaid, however anxious they may be to undertake it. The Purcell Society finds itself obliged to make a public appeal to the nation at large for funds to enable it to continue its work and bring it to a conclusion. Three thousand pounds is the sum for which they are asking.

The reader may perhaps wish to know, before pulling out his cheque-book, what is the use of publishing a monumental edition of this kind. If he is in touch with musical life, he will say that he fully realises the importance of Purcell, and is quite aware that Purcell is becoming increasingly popular among all classes of people. It is undoubtedly true that English people are really waking up to the greatness of Purcell, and learning, too, not only to admire him, but positively to love him. If it is possible to say nowadays that English people are at last beginning to be conscious that England has a music of its own, which can symbolise all that we love in our own country as intimately or even more intimately than English poetry or English painting, that new musical consciousness is undoubtedly associated with the name of Purcell. And if that is the case, it is to the Purcell Society, and mainly to Mr. Barclay Squire, that the whole of England owes its gratitude.

Still, gratitude is not an adequate reason for spending money on huge folios. The reader with the cheque-book will quite rightly say that what we want is cheap editions which the ordinary amateur

[Continued overleaf.]



"TYWYSOG CYMRU CANCELLOR Y BRIFYSCOL": THE STATUE OF THE PRINCE OF WALES UNVEILED AT ABERYSTWITH.

This bronze statue of the Prince of Wales, in his robes as Chancellor of the Welsh University, was unveiled at University College, Aberystwith, on December 7, by Sir John Williams, President of the College. It is the gift of Mr. S. D. Jenkins, of Aberystwith. On the pedestal is the Welsh inscription quoted above.

Photograph by Topical.

German Handel Society, which were setting out to publish the complete works of those two composers.

It was a harder task to stimulate interest in England for Purcell. Our musical life was at a low



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(Continued.)

can afford to buy, and which he can use with comfort to play or sing from. But before popular editions can be brought out, it is absolutely necessary to complete the scholars' edition. It is of the utmost importance to establish an accurate text of Purcell's works, and to set an example of how his music ought to be edited for performance. Some of the popular volumes published a generation ago are very far from scholarly, and give a most inaccurate presentation of Purcell. It is not possible, as previous attempts have often shown, to produce an *editio princeps* that is also "popular." A standard text must be established, and the standard text must be printed and made accessible to serious workers. It is not a financial investment, but it is a moral investment for the benefit of later generations. On these grounds the Purcell Society appeals to all who have the cause of English music at heart. Mr. Squire has, after many years of labour, retired from the office of secretary, and his place has now been taken by Mr. Gerald Cooper, whose concerts of old music are one of the most interesting features of London musical life. Mr. Cooper's concerts show, in the most delightful manner, the value of learning and scholarship to practical musical activity. So do the Purcell concerts of "The English Singers." Reader with a cheque book, if you have ever enjoyed one of these concerts, write at once to Mr. Cooper, at 160, Wardour Street, and offer him your help.—EDWARD J. DENT.

"Pears' Annual" Christmas number, which is now on sale, is a splendid two-shillings' worth. Not only do the presentation plates and numerous coloured pages offer a delightful variety of artistic and humorous subjects, but some of the foremost fiction-writers of the day have contributed to the number. John Galsworthy, Stephen McKenna, Stacy Aumonier, and Gilbert Frankau are among the authors represented; and the artists who contribute count Arthur Watts, Leon Bakst, A. Wallis Mills, Bateman, Fougasse, and many others in their company. The presentation plates are Terborch's "The Concert," and "Wonders of the Sea," by Frank Salisbury.

"Holly Leaves," the Christmas Number of the *Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News*, has a reputation to live up to, and this year's number may take its place with those which have gone before as one of the best budgets issued for holiday reading. The special photogravure plate for 1922 is "The Sale of Old Dobbin," and the number contains many coloured pages. Will Owen, J. R. Skelton, and Dudley Tennant are among the artists represented; and the tales come from the pens of Perceval Gibbon, Barry Pain, Owen Oliver, Eden Phillpotts, and other masters of the art of short-story writing. Their work is illustrated by A. Forestier, W. R. S. Stott, and other popular artists.

FATHER CHRISTMAS. PUBLISHER: HIS NEW PICTURE BOOKS.

FATHER CHRISTMAS has been in business as a publisher for many years, and this season, as usual, he exhibits a goodly array of story-books and picture-books such as young readers love. He does not trade under his own name, but operates through many firms.

To Messrs. Collins he has entrusted a very attractive collection of works. Most alluring of all, perhaps, is a new edition of "Grimm's Fairy Tales." It has sixteen beautiful colour-plates, and other drawings too numerous to count, by Anne Anderson. For older children who like something exciting in the realm of reality there are "Collins's Adventure Annual," "The Camp-Fire Adventure Book," and "The Blazed Trail Adventure Book," all suitably illustrated. For younger folks "Collins's Children's Annual" is one of the best and most artistic of its kind. Many other nice books of a similar sort, for quite little people, come from the same firm.

Messrs. Ward Lock have also been busy with the publications of Father Christmas. They have issued a brightly illustrated new edition of Kingsley's "Water Babies," in which the forty-eight colour-plates are of a sort entirely to satisfy young people. The artist is Mr. Harry G. Theaker. The adventures of a namesake of Kingsley's little water hero are told in "How Tom Made Good," a public-school story by St. John Pearce, author of "Off His Own Bat." Schoolgirls are provided for in "Jennifer, J.," by Ethel Turner—not that it is a school story. The scene is laid in Australia. Good examples of the annual type are "The Wonder Book of Wonders," for older children with a taste for history, nature, science, and art, liberally illustrated with photographs; and, for their younger brothers and sisters, "Ward Lock and Co.'s Wonder Book" and "The Summer Days Story Book."

Oxford has its own special agent for Father Christmas in the person of Mr. Basil Blackwell. His best effort for the young folks, as regards illustrations, is "The Clock and the Cockatoo," by Ruth Holmes, with numerous drawings by Fish. The artist has adopted a very simple but very effective method in a colour-scheme of black and orange, with highly comical results. Other Blackwell books are "The Laughing Elf," "Stories for Mary," and "Brown de Bracken."

Father Christmas, of course, is fond of music as well as pictures, and he has published through Messrs. Harrap a charming combination of the two, in "Song Devices and Jingles," by Eleanor Smith, pictured by Florence Young, S. B. Pearce, and Kathleen Nixon. Original verses for children, without music, form the contents of a small book called "Klipper-Klopper," by Marjorie Wilson, with a colour frontispiece. Mr. H. H. Bashford tells a jolly story called "Half-Past

Bed-Time," suitable for boys and girls of about ten, with illustrations of his own, including an effective frontispiece in colour silhouette.

Messrs. Dean and Son supply Father Christmas with a large variety of admirable literature for the nursery book-shelf. Their productions this year, all brightly illustrated, include "The Youngster's Big Book," "Dean's Nursery Story Book," "A Book of Stories," "Ride a Cock Horse," "Poll and the Pussies," and a number of attractive picture-books and painting-books in limp covers.

Father Christmas has another indefatigable coadjutor in Father Tuck—in fact, they might be called brothers of the same order. Father Tuck, by the way, is sometimes known as Messrs. Raphael Tuck and Sons, Ltd. "The Little People's Annual," which the title-page tells them was "made for you by Father Tuck," is sure to win their hearts completely. Children who have exchanged the nursery for the schoolroom and are interested in the romance of history will enjoy "The Seven Champions of Christendom," told by Rose Yeatman Woolf and illustrated by Howard Davie. Father Tuck's "Little Builders" series, for cutting out and paper modelling, provides means for keeping small and fidgety persons quiet for hours on end.

Happy indeed will be the children on whom Father Christmas intends to bestow the "Lucie Attwell Annual," published for him by Messrs. S. W. Partridge and Co. It takes its name from the well-known artist of nursery subjects, whose charming work (in colour and black and white) is full of daintiness and humour.

All children try to draw, with more or less success. It will certainly be more, if they get a copy of "The Pussie Drawing Book," by F. E. Morgan, issued for Father Christmas by Messrs. Skeffington and Son.

Lastly, Father Christmas has remembered the boys and girls who like to read a nice long story, similar in appearance to the novels which engross their elders. He therefore arranged with Messrs. Jarrold to publish, for boys, "The Secret of the Sword," a tale of adventure by Draycott M. Dell; and, for girls, "Amelia Goes to School," by May Wynne.

No need to be in doubt about what to give at Christmas to your dearest and best if you visit Durberry's, 81, Brompton Road, or, failing that, send a postcard and get the beautifully illustrated "Christmas gifts." Very *recherché* perfumes are a speciality, and these are put up in exclusive cut-crystal bottles. A whole series of toilet preparations is supplied with each perfume: a new and favourite one is called "Golden Morn." For men there is "Debonair" shaving soap in bowls and other forms. It is of the most perfect kind. Quantities of other delicious gifts will be seen in the salons or in the list.



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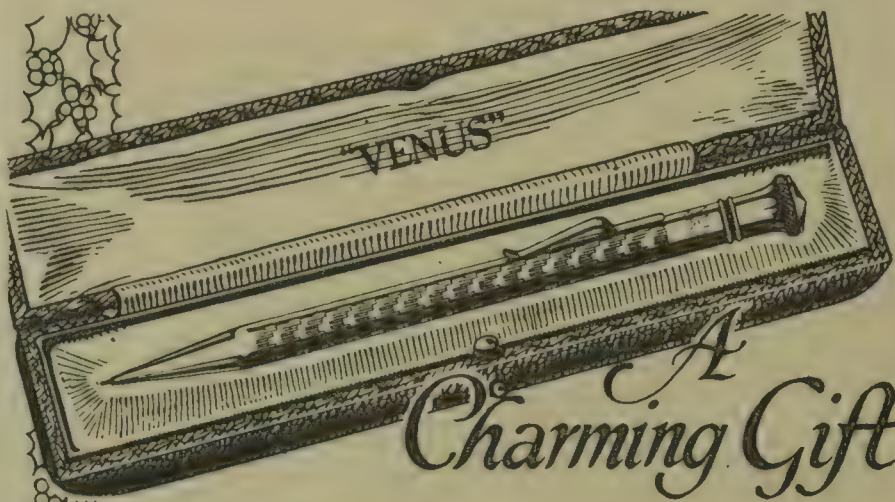


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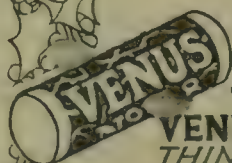
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SUPERB CIGARETTES

BOOKS ON BIRDS AND HORSES.

"Birds in Flight." "Often he limped along the green lanes that wound between the fields up and down the downs. Becoming aware that he knew nothing of bird-life, he procured through the Fanstead book shop popular works on British birds, and, sitting under a tree in a corner of a meadow, would strive to identify them by their song and plumage and queer, individual habits." Thus Alexis Triona in Mr. Locke's latest novel; but there was one book, very much to the purpose, which Alexis did not buy, because it had not then been published. We refer to Mr. W. P. Pycraft's delightful new volume, "Birds in Flight" (Gay and Hancock; 15s. net), illustrated by Mr. Roland Green, F.Z.S., who has done twelve exquisite colour-plates, eight black-and-white plates, and a number of other line drawings.

Two of the colour-plates—those of the kingfisher and the woodcock—are reproduced in colour on an earlier page of this issue, and they speak for themselves as to the high quality of the book on its pictorial side. As for the letterpress, there is no need to "introduce" the author, for our readers will know the interest and value of Mr. Pycraft's weekly jottings on science and nature in these pages. A distinguished member of the Zoological staff at the British Museum of Natural History, he writes with unimpeachable authority; while in his previous books—"A History of Birds," "The Infancy of Animals," "The Courtship of Animals," and "The Sea-Shore," among others—he has already proved his power of investing scientific fact with literary charm. The new volume has the same attractions, and will add to Mr. Pycraft's reputation.

In writing it, he has had in mind just the class of readers of whom Alexis Triona is typical, as he explains in his preface. "What bird was that? I have often seen it, but have never succeeded in taking it unawares." This is a question, and its comment, often put to me. Those who are in this quandary, and they are many, are always hoping to find some book which will enable them to name correctly the retreating

forms. That book will never be written. In the following pages an attempt is made to aid such inquirers." The fact is that there is no royal road to such knowledge, which can only be attained by years of patient observation.

"Galloping Shoes": The horse and all he stands for—the spirit of endeavour in sport or war, the thrill of adventure in travel, and the ecstasy of strength and speed—have inspired poets from Homer onwards. All these motives, as well as the more modern sense of the

delightful in themselves, but they harmonise truly with the ring and movement of the verse, and follow faithfully the details of the author's verbal descriptions. Poets are not always so well served by their illustrators, but in this case the collaboration has been of the happiest, and the pictures add greatly to the attractions of the book, while enabling the reader to visualise the scenes called up by the poet.

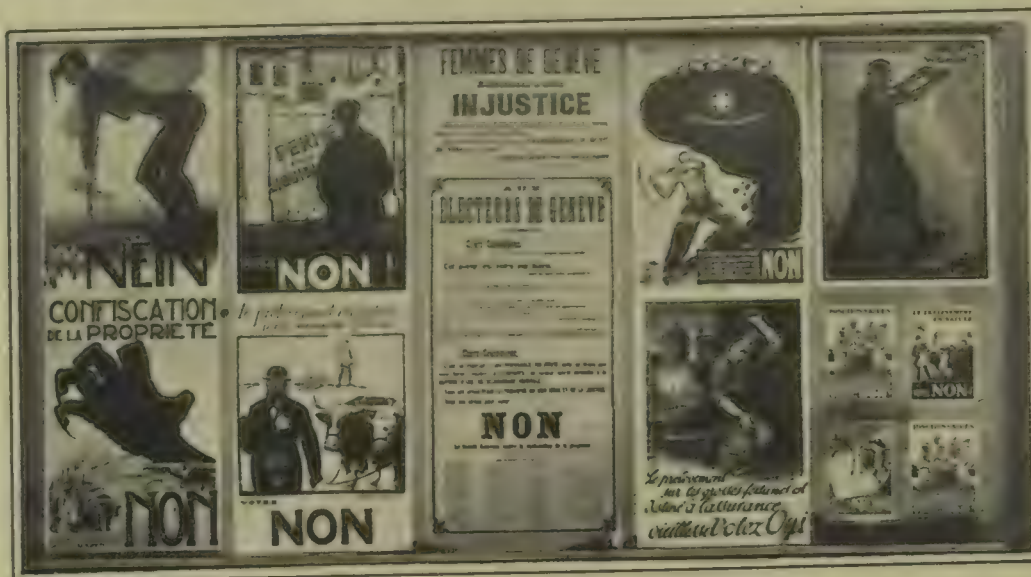
Mr. Ogilvie's verse (of which some specimens are given along with the colour-plates on a previous page already mentioned) is far above the mere liting doggerel that so many poetically inclined sportsmen produce. It is real poetry, with a finished style and a frequent touch of imaginative vision. Its strongest appeal is the author's manifest love of horses, sympathy with their trials, and appreciation of their beauty and fidelity. Many of the pieces were inspired by memories of the war, and the book throughout breathes the highest spirit of patriotism and good sportsmanship.

The words of the title occur in two passages—a welcome to the American polo team, and the last lines of the poem which aptly closes the book—

When you lay me to slumber no spot you can choose
But will ring to the rhythm of galloping shoes;
And under the daisies no grave be so deep
But the hoofs of the horses shall sound in my sleep.

In order to minimise as far as possible the inconvenience of

Christmas-present shopping in the crowded days of December, Morny Frères opened on the 4th inst. an additional show-room at 199, Regent Street, adjoining and connected with their well-known establishment at 201 (corner of Conduit Street). The exquisitely tasteful productions in perfumes and products for the toilet originated by the House of Morny are most enticingly displayed at No. 199 in charming French cabinets of the Louis XIV. and XV. periods. Every daughter of Eve will wish to be the fortunate recipient of a Morny Presentation Perfume Coffret, and, above all, one of the delightfully original Morny Vanity Books. The descriptive booklet illustrating both Coffrets and Vanity Book will be sent by Messrs. Morny free on request.



THE DEFEAT OF THE PROPOSED CAPITAL LEVY IN SWITZERLAND: POSTERS THAT HELPED THE VOTERS TO THEIR DECISION.

On December 3, the Swiss rejected, by an overwhelming majority of 621,000 votes, the Socialist proposal for a levy on capital. Not one of the twenty-two cantons, not a town, gave its approval of the idea; and 90 per cent. of the electorate voted.—[Photograph by F. H. Jullien.]

beauty in nature about the horseman's path, are found in the racy and virile verse of Mr. Will H. Ogilvie, who has collected into a volume entitled "Galloping Shoes" (Constable; 14s. net), a number of his excellent sporting poems, published originally in various periodicals, including the *Field*, *Punch*, and *Country Life*. He has found an ideal illustrator in Mr. Lionel Edwards, an artist with whose work our readers are familiar, for it has often been represented in these pages, and especially of late by several colour-reproductions.

In the present issue we also reproduce in colour three of the eight beautiful plates which form the illustrations to Mr. Ogilvie's book. They are not only



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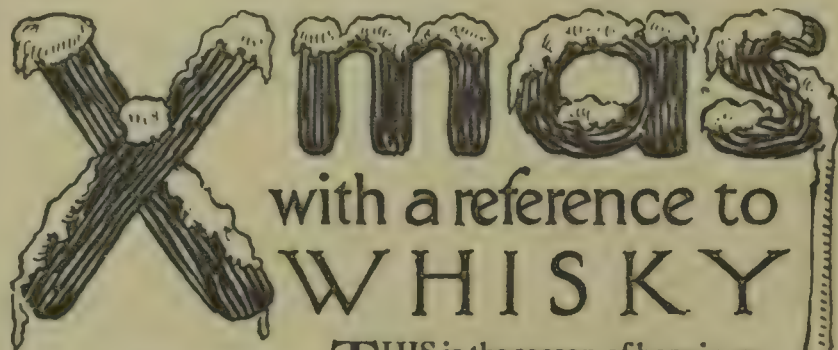
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There is such a vast difference in the quality, age and mellowness of whisky to-day that there is but one safe method of selecting a brand. It is the old, tested method of clinging to a whisky with a reputation. Drink the brand that our fathers drank—Sandy Macdonald—and you will get the finest whisky that Scotland produces.

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After Pastes, Powders, Depilatories, Electricity, and various advertised preparations had failed.

A simple easy method which any lady can use at Home, and quickly rid herself for ever of this humiliating affliction.

By KATHRYN B. FIRMIN.

I was deeply humiliated by superfluous hair which seemed to steadily increase and become more hideous as I grew older, and I cannot find words to tell you how good I felt and what a terrible load was lifted off my mind when I finally realised that the unsightly growth had disappeared for ever. Before achieving this happy result, I had tried many advertised remedies, but found to my sorrow that if they removed the hair at all, it was for a short time only, and the hairs soon reappeared—stronger and thicker than ever. Even the electric needle was tried upon my skin, and I endured a great deal of pain from its use, but simply met with disappointment. I had spent so much time and money on these various methods that I was in despair and almost ready to give up, thinking that I must suffer for ever from this terrible affliction. It was then that I chanced to learn of a device by which the women of ancient Rome had completely rid themselves of superfluous hair. With this idea in mind I began a series of careful experiments in an effort to wrest this hidden secret from the past. At last my efforts were crowned with success, for I discovered a method entirely different from anything I had ever before seen. I used it on my own skin, and it quickly removed all of my superfluous hair without the slightest vestige of pain or discomfort. I was delighted, but feared that some sign of the hair might return. After a few weeks had passed I noticed that my skin still remained clear, soft and white, and as the months slipped by and not the slightest trace

of the hated superfluous hair returned, I realised I had truly made a most marvellous discovery. The wonderful transformation in my appearance caused comment among my friends, and they thought that a veritable miracle had been wrought. When I divulged to them the secret I had discovered, they tried the same method on their own skins, with equally effective and permanent results. They told me in guarding this secret I was withholding a great boon from woman-kind, and urged that I should tell others, so that all afflicted women might benefit by my discovery. One of the most eminent chemists of Paris examined the treatment and gave it the highest endorsement. A prominent Society lady who used this method some time ago now says:—"Your treatment is marvellous because it is permanent. My skin has remained smooth and white without a shadow of superfluous hair." I have never known this remarkable process to fail, but you can judge for yourself of its seemingly miraculous power. I am so grateful for my own delivery from the curse of superfluous hair, that I feel that I should give full information regarding my discovery to all my sisters who need it. Merely enclose a three-halfpenny stamp for reply, and I will send you instructions by return of post. I will positively guarantee that any lady can permanently and painlessly remove her superfluous hair, and that she can easily use this process in the privacy of her own home, without the knowledge of anyone. Address, KATHRYN B. FIRMIN (Dept. 18H), 193-197, Regent St., London, W.1.

NOTE.—The discovery of Mme. Firmin is unquestionably a marvellous blessing to all women suffering from this humiliating affliction, and we strongly advise readers to write at once for full information regarding her secret.

CAUTION.—Observe special care not to use this treatment near the scalp, eyebrows, or where you do not wish the hair to be permanently removed. In case you wish to remove hair temporarily but not permanently for any reason (some people, for instance, wish to remove hair under the arms, but not to kill the roots) use the treatment only once and do not apply again until at least a week afterwards. If treatment is used each day for a week or so, the hair will not grow again, hence the special need for heeding this warning.

FREE COUPON.

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The rich colour of Kenilworths is a visible proof both of the fine quality of the tobacco and of its perfect maturity. The large stocks of the best vintages held by the manufacturers of Kenilworths ensure a cigarette which excels all others at the price.

1/6 for 20;
3/8 for 50;
7/4 for 100.



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LTD., LONDON AND
LIVERPOOL.

THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

The Twenty-Fifth Anniversary of the R.A.C.

Last week the Royal Automobile Club celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of its foundation. Many important conferences and meetings were held, some of which were attended by representatives of national automobile clubs from all over the world. The celebration culminated in a dinner at Covent Garden Theatre at which the guest of the evening was H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, and which was attended by a very large company, including the Earl of Derby, Secretary of State for War; his Excellency the Spanish Ambassador, and many others. The Chairman of the Club, the Hon. Sir Arthur Stanley, in proposing the toast of the evening, reviewed the work accomplished by the Club during the quarter of a century which has elapsed since its foundation in the early dawn of the motoring era. This work has really been of vast proportions. Founded as a "society of encouragement," the R.A.C. during these past years has really lived up to its intentions. Compared with the great good it has accomplished in the cause of motoring and the motorist, its mistakes have been relatively few and unimportant. Not only has it been the body controlling the sporting side of motoring, which is really a more or less public function and therefore very much exposed to the light of day, but in numberless other directions it has performed a solid mass of work for the good of the movement, of which the motoring body politic has very little idea. Its efforts in the direction of procuring more favourable legislation for automobilism are a case in point. Little or nothing can, in the nature of things, transpire as to what is being done in this connection. Thus, its efforts cannot meet with the public appreciation they deserve; but the Club has never asked for, and has never even desired, publicity for its work. As a matter of fact, I think, with others, that the Club has been, if anything, too modest regarding its own doings.

Yesterday and To-day.

There is no need to trace in detail the progress that motoring has made during the last quarter-century. The older school of motorists are fully able to visualise this without any such review as it would be possible to give of the

past twenty-five years. The present generation would, I apprehend, scarcely understand the enormous difference between the transport facilities



NEARLY 2000 MILES OF DESERT TO BE CROSSED BY CAR: A FRENCH MAP OF THE CITROËN TRANS-SAHARA EXPEDITION.



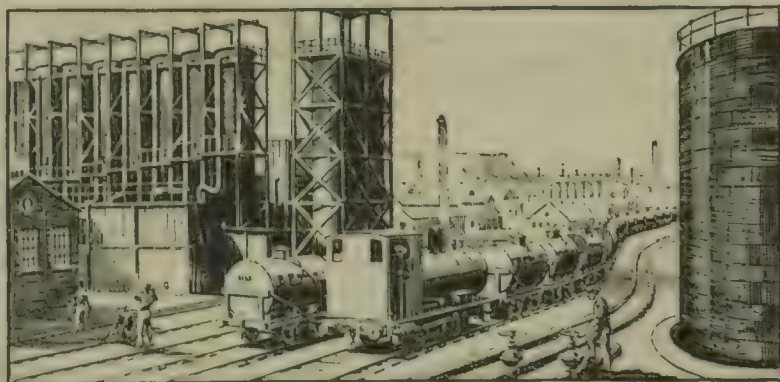
MOTORING ACROSS THE SAHARA: ONE OF THE CITROËN CARS, FITTED WITH CHAIN-TRACK "CATERPILLAR" WHEELS, IN THE DESERT.

M. André Citroën announced recently that an attempt would be made this month to cross the Sahara from Tugurt to Timbuktu, nearly 2000 miles, in four 10-h.p. Citroën cars furnished with "caterpillar" traction, by a party of eight under M. G. M. Haardt, Director-General of the Citroën Works. It was arranged that they should carry carbines and machine-guns, as part of the route is frequented by brigands.

existing now and those in vogue in 1897. It is not merely a change that has happened in the meantime—it is an absolute revolution, which was very well summed up by the Prince of Wales when he remarked that the present generation does not know what it missed. As he said, the motor now enters into everything, and it conveys us literally "from the perambulator to the hearse."

In the course of the speeches which were made at the celebration dinner, nothing interested me more than the reference made by the Secretary of State for War to the part played by the motor in the recent conflict. He remarked that it was indisputable that the war could not have been carried on or won without the assistance of the motor: that has become a commonplace; but Lord Derby went further, and voiced a feeling which many of us have had, but which I have never before heard publicly expressed. Without the motor, the war could not have assumed the dimensions it did, nor could it have lasted as long. Without it there could have been no aeroplanes, no submarines, no mechanical transport as we know it. It follows, therefore, that, apart from the fact that there could have been no effective aerial observation and no intensive submarine campaign against our shipping, the enormous armies which were placed in the field by the belligerent Powers could neither have been transported nor supplied. The war would have been one of manoeuvre, carried out

by a relatively small army, and the issues would probably have been settled within six months or at most a year. While we are accustomed to regard new inventions and new developments like that of motor transport as entirely to the benefit of the human race, it is as well that we should view the other side of the picture; and I personally think that we are indebted to Lord Derby for having shown us the reverse side of this one. To what final judgment we must arrive is not a matter that can be discussed here. It does, however, compel the somewhat melancholy reflection that one of the first, if not the very first, examinations of every new invention and every new development of science is made by the professional fighting man in order to discover whether or not it can be turned to use for the purposes of war. Still, this may be getting rather away from the subject. W. W.



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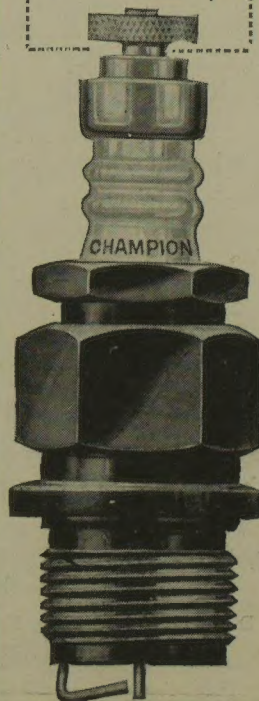
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THE RAILWAYS AND CHRISTMAS.

THE Great Western Railway Company's programme of facilities for the convenience of the travelling public at Christmas presents a number of very attractive features. On the days immediately preceding Dec. 25, many of the famous expresses from Paddington Station will be run in duplicate. The availability of week-end tickets, the cost of which is a single fare and a third for the return journey, will be extended at Christmas to cover the whole holiday. Excursions on a generous and comprehensive scale have been arranged, showing considerable reductions in the fares for the long-distance journeys. Full details of the G.W.R. arrangements can be obtained at that company's stations and offices.

The South-Eastern and Chatham Railway will issue cheap tickets to Paris and Brussels, also to Boulogne, Calais, Ostend, and Flushing; these latter obviate the need of passports for British subjects. In order to provide for the ever-increasing traffic to Switzerland for the winter sports, extra trains will be run by the direct Calais-Laon route so popular among all British travellers. Special arrangements are also being made for passengers to Riviera and Italian destinations. Other facilities include cheap tickets to seaside and

principal inland towns in both directions. A programme can be obtained from the company's stations, agencies, or from the Superintendent of the Line, S.E. and C.R., London Bridge, S.E.1.

The Brighton and French State railways are running excursions to Paris for Christmas on Dec. 21 to 24, and for the New Year on Dec. 29 to 31. The fares, which provide for return any day within fifteen days, are 80s. 9d., 56s. 9d., and 38s. 3d. Similar cheap excursions at cheaper fares are also being run on the same dates to Dieppe and Rouen. The Newhaven-Dieppe route, besides being very convenient for the French and Italian Rivières and the Swiss and French winter sports resorts, serves Spain, Algeria, Tunisia, Morocco, and the Mediterranean. The Continental Traffic Agent, L.B. and S.C. Railway, Victoria Station, will send details on receipt of a postcard.

The Great Northern Railway Company has arranged a very comprehensive programme of excursions for Christmas and the New Year, in connection with which reduced fares will apply to most of the stations. For those desirous of spending the New Year holiday in Scotland two special excursion trains for five and eight days will leave King's Cross on Friday, Dec. 29, at 7.20 p.m. for Aberdeen, Dundee, Inverness, Perth, etc.; 9.40 p.m. for Edinburgh, Glasgow, etc. Week-

end tickets issued on the Friday and Saturday before Christmas and the New Year will be extended for return on the Tuesday following date of issue.

The London and North-Western Railway Company's Christmas excursion programme is of a very far-reaching character. All excursions from Euston will be by express corridor trains, and a through service has been arranged to all the principal towns served by the company. A quick and comfortable journey is therefore assured; and, with a reduction of one-seventh on excursion fares over 20s., week-end tickets being available for an extra day, Christmas travellers will find they are well catered for this year by this route. The excursion programme can be obtained from L. and N.W. railway stations or agencies.

The Midland Company's Christmas excursions will commence on Friday, December 22, and be continued by various trains throughout Friday and Saturday. The arrangements will be a great advance upon Christmas, 1921, the availability of the tickets in many cases being for an extended period, with specially reduced fares in many instances. For the Christmas and New Year holidays, the week-end tickets will also be available for return on Tuesday, December 26, 1922, and January 2, 1923, respectively.

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A PERMANENT INCOME OF £500 PER ANNUM.

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ROVER

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The following is one extract from the many Press reports of the trial:—

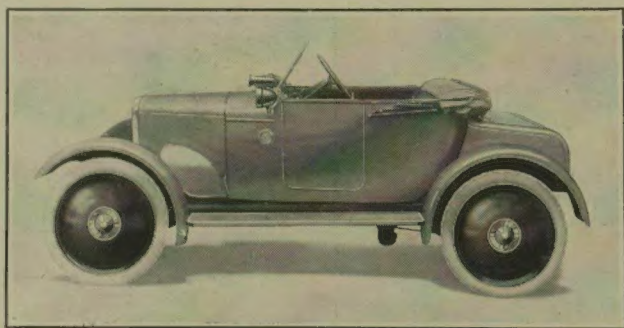
Daily Mail (Sydney)—"Where's the little ROVER? Have you seen the ROVER? All along the route from Sydney to Brisbane competitors asked these questions. The ROVER proved a veritable will o' the wisp, and thoroughly reliable. To appreciate thoroughly the performance of the car over 800 miles of all kinds of roads, it should be understood that many of the cars against which it competed were four times as powerful from a horse-power point of view—Yet it arrived ahead of its time in every centre. It was the first air-cooled car to take part in the contest, and the first two-cylinder car successfully to accomplish the journey."

So far as can be foreseen at present, there is not likely to be any further reduction in the prices of Rover cars during the 1923 season.

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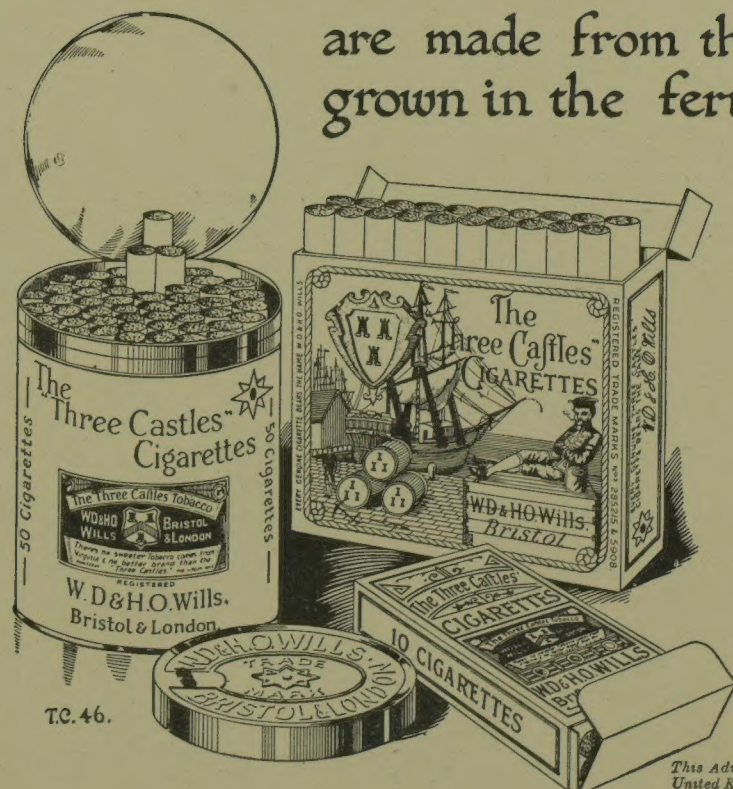
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T.C. 46.

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